

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1868.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME RECAMIER.

JEANNE FRANCOISE JULIE ADELAIDE BERNARD was born in Lyons, on the 4th of December, 1777. Her father was a notary of that city, and though an extremely handsome man, he does not appear to have been remarkable in any other particular. Madame Bernard, her mother, was also possessed of singular beauty, and good business faculties, contriving to amass and preserve a large fortune through the dangers and uncertainties of the Reign of Terror. At an early age Juliette was placed at the convent of La Deserte, under the care of an aunt, who was a nun of that sisterhood. The impressions received there were never erased; long years after she wrote this fragment of her correspondence, one of the few that were not destroyed:

"From this serene and innocent period of my life, I turn with regret to one of turmoil. The former comes back to me sometimes like a vague, sweet dream, with its clouds of incense, its innumerable ceremonies, its processions in the garden, its chants, and its flowers. It is doubtless owing to these vivid impressions received in childhood that I have been able to retain my religious belief, though coming in contact with persons of such various and contradictory opinions. I have listened to them, understood them, admitted them as far as they were admissible, but I have never allowed doubt to enter my heart."

Her extreme grace and beauty attracted attention from an early age. Her mother was proud and vain of her own beauty and that of her daughter, and when with her superintended Juliette's education and toilet with equal care. On one occasion they went to Versailles to witness the ceremony of the royal family while dining. As the crowd passed around the grand table Juliette was singled out by Marie Antoi-

nette, who afterward requested her to go to her private apartments, where she was measured with the young princess, who was about her own age. After she left La Deserte she joined her parents at Paris, where her parents lived in ease and elegance, entertaining at their house the most distinguished public men of the day. Mme. Bernard educated her daughter with great care. She showed a talent for music, played well on the harp and piano, and in her old age found much pleasure in this accomplishment, when she could no longer use her eyes. She also excelled in dancing, and delighted in the amusement in her younger days. Her famous shawl dance served Madame de Stael as a model in Corinne.

At the age of fourteen she made her first communion at the church of St. Pierre de Charlot, and two years after accepted the hand and name of M. Recamier, an eminent Parisian banker. He was forty-two years of age, tall, with fair complexion and regular features; his mind was well cultivated, his manner agreeable, and his disposition generous and volatile. His money and advice were always at the disposal of a friend; but should the friend die, but few hours were given to regret. "Another drawer closed," he said, and that expressed all his sorrow. Their marriage took place at the darkest hour of the Revolution, the year of the execution of the king and queen. M. Recamier witnessed it, and daily saw friends beheaded; he said he beheld the revolting spectacles in order to prepare his own mind for the fate that would probably be his own. But his family escaped the guillotine through the friendly influence of Barrere.

Four years after his wife was the acknowledged beauty par excellence of Paris. "Her figure was flexible and elegant, a well-poised head, throat and shoulders of admirable proportions, beautiful arms, though somewhat small,

a little, rosy mouth, pearly teeth, black hair that curled naturally, a delicate, regular nose, an incomparable brilliancy of complexion, and a lovely expression." Such was Madame Recamier. Wherever she went the excitable populace received her with enthusiasm, ready to turn crazed upon any subject at a moment's warning. When public worship was reëstablished Madame Recamier was solicited to hand a purse at St. Roch for charity; she consented; the church was full; people mounted on the altars and chairs for one glimpse of the heroine of the hour, and the collection amounted to twenty thousand francs. Wherever she appeared a captivated crowd followed, and in any public assembly or social gathering she was the observed of all observers.

Though she lived under the Government of Napoleon she met him but twice, once at a public assembly where he addressed a speech to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mme. Recamier rose to get a better look at the speaker; the attention of the crowd was diverted, and Napoleon, annoyed, gave her such a harsh look that she resumed her seat. She met him afterward at a fête given by Lucien Bonaparte; Napoleon, the First Consul, then pronounced her charming. She wore on this occasion a robe of white satin with pearl ornaments; white was her favorite dress; she rarely wore colors, and preferred pearls always to diamonds. Napoleon determined to secure her for his court, and a few years after made the proposition through Fouché. This was declined; the slight was not forgiven, and, seizing her visit to the exiled Mme. de Stael as a pretext, he exiled her also. She was banished for three years, and did not return to Paris till after the fall of Napoleon.

Perhaps the admiration of his brother Lucien added to the animosity of the jealous conqueror. It was undisguised, and a correspondence carried on under the title of Romeo to the fair Juliette was well known in Parisian circles.

The business relations of M. Recamier with M. Necker brought about the friendship of his wife with Mme. de Stael. It lasted through life. This is the account given of their first meeting: "The lady came about the sale of a house. Her costume was peculiar; she wore a morning gown, and small dress hat trimmed with flowers. I took her for a foreigner. I was struck with the beauty of her eyes and expression. This interview was but a passing one, but it made a deep impression. I only thought of Mme. de Stael, so much did I feel the influence of that strong ardent nature." Their intimacy continued uninterrupted till broken by death.

At Coppet, where Mme. de Stael spent a portion of her exile, Mme. Recamier met Prince Augustus, of Prussia, nephew of Frederick the Great. The admiration she inspired on the lovely shores of Lake Geneva seems to have been deeper than a transient fancy of the romantic young man. He flattered himself that his admiration would induce Mme. Recamier to consent to break the tie that bound her to her husband—a tie that in Russia could be as easily broken as made. There was yielding at first on her part, but after thought, with the practical considerations of the subject, and the gentle kindness and generosity of her husband, induced his wife to dismiss the question. Mme. Recamier sent him her likeness. He prized it, and at her request, returned it at death, twenty years afterward, writing three months before, with a presentiment of the future, "The ring you gave me I will carry to the tomb."

Adrien de Montmorency, afterward Duke de Laval, and his cousin Matthieu, Duke de Montmorency, were firm and true friends of Mme. Recamier. The latter watched her worldly and dangerous career with the anxiety and solicitude of one who well understands the uncertainties and temptations of the giddy world, and the value of time and the salvation of the soul. This watchfulness is found expressed in most of his letters: "I want to see you entering upon the only road that will lead to true happiness. I tremble to see you threatened with its loss. I shall pray incessantly that God may open your eyes and convince you that a heart that loves him truly is not so empty as you imagine. He only can inspire you with a true love, not transient, but constant and sustained." In another he advises: "Put your faith in the tenderest of hearts and in the wisest of counsels. I hope you have not forgotten your promise to devote daily half an hour to consecutive and serious reading, and also a few moments to prayer and meditation."

Throughout his correspondence her heart's best interest is his first thought, his advice and suggestions always kindly offered in the true spirit of Christian love. In his youth he had plunged deeply in wild and extravagant excesses, but the sudden death of a brother changed him. He lived to be honored and respected, and died universally beloved and lamented. His death was remarkable. He attended his parish church feeling slightly indisposed, and expired without a groan or a pang, apparently, while kneeling at the foot of the altar—a death that, had his choice been given, would have been preferred as desirable above all others, bending low at the foot of the

cross, the outward emblem of the faith he cherished in his soul.

M. Recamier was twice unfortunate in business; the second time his wife's fortune was hazarded, and the greater part of it lost in his imprudent speculations. She was then no longer young, and, taking the advice of her friends, she established a retreat and home for the remainder of her life in the Abbaye-aux-bais, a religious community, providing liberally for her husband's wants and those of her father and his old friend, M. Lemonard, whom she had known and cherished from childhood. The change was great, but she seems to have accepted it contentedly, and spent some of her happiest hours in this secluded spot, visited by her most cherished friends and many distinguished strangers. M. de Chateaubriand thus describes her home: "The bed-chamber was furnished with a book-case, a harp, a piano, a portrait of Mme. de Stael, and a view of Coppet by moonlight; on the windows were pots of flowers. When quite breathless from having climbed three flights of stairs, I entered the cell; at the approach of evening I was enchanted. The windows overlooked the garden of the Abbaye, under the verdant shade of which nuns paced up and down and pupils played. The top of an acacia pierced the sky, and in the distance rose the hills of Sevres. The rays of the setting sun threw a golden light over the landscape and came in through the open windows. Some birds were settling themselves for the night on the top of the window-blinds. Here I found silence and solitude far above the tumult and turmoil of a great city."

Here she lived a quiet life, refusing to enter the gay society where she reigned a queen. At dinner her little family were assembled, her husband, father, their friend, M. Lemonard, M. Ballanche, another tried friend and noted person, and a nephew of M. Recamier. In the evening she received and entertained the numerous visitors who sought her in this seclusion. An acquaintance with M. de Chateaubriand had commenced at the bedside of the dying Mme. de Stael, and continued through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life. It was soon resolved into a settled friendship, and his numerous letters show unwavering confidence, respect, and affection in her, remaining constant till death severed the band of sympathy.

His letters all breathe the same spirit of reliance upon her friendship and dissatisfaction with the world. He writes from London in 1822: "I can not go any where here without seeing something that recalls to me my youth and my suffering, the friends that I have lost,

the people that have passed away, the hopes that I cherished, my first works, my dreams of glory, every thing, in fact, involved in the future of a young man who feels himself born for some purpose. I have grasped some few of my chimeras, others have escaped me, and none of them have been worth what they cost. One thing is left me, and while I retain that I shall be consoled for my gray hairs and all my failings on the long road I have been traveling over for thirty years."

In their first acquaintance M. de Chateaubriand introduces his wife to Mme. de Recamier: she was witty, noble-hearted, quick-tempered, and without beauty; her correspondence with Mme. de Recamier shows that she esteemed and valued her friendship highly. If she felt jealousy, it is well concealed. She lived a long and charitable life, and her husband survived her but a short time. After the death of M. Montmorency, a prayer composed by M. de Chateaubriand was sent to Mme. Recamier. It is entitled a Christian Prayer for the Loss of a Friend, and is a curiosity in its way:

"I feel that my soul is wearied of life, for my heart is desolate and bereft, and the joy of my days is gone from me. My God, why hast thou taken away him who was so dear to me! Happy he who has never been born, for he knows neither heart-troubles nor sinkings of the soul. What have I done, O Lord, to be afflicted thus? Our friendship, our interviews, the mutual confidences—were they not perfectly innocent? And why lay thy hand so heavily upon a worm? O, my God! pardon the madness of my grief. I feel that I complain unjustly of thy severity. Absorbed in this beguiling friendship, did I not forget thee? Did I not bestow upon the creature a love due only to the Creator? In seeing me in love with perishable dust, thy anger was aroused. Thou sawest that I had cast my heart on the waters, and that the waters in their flow would sweep it away to the bottom of the abyss. Eternal Being, before whom the only permanent and solid reality all vanishes away; thou alone art worthy of love. Thou alone canst satisfy the insatiable desires of man, whom thou bearest in thy hands. In loving thee no more inquietudes, no more fears of losing the object of our choice. In that love are comprehended ardor, strength, sweetness, and infinite hope. In contemplating thee, O Beauty Divine! the entranced soul feels that thou art the only one over whom death has no power.

"But O, Miracle of goodness! in thy bosom I find again the virtuous friend whom I have lost! Through thee and in thee my love for him is renewed, and my whole being in giving

itself up to thee shall find itself united to that of my friend. Our holy attachment will partake then of thy eternity."

Cold, glittering, and beautiful as dazzling Winter snow-drift, this prayer is no emanation from the truly Christian heart. For a period of forty years this correspondence continued; their old friends dropped one by one from their old circle and passed away; the faces and forms that haunted the retreat of the Abbaye-aux-bais were no longer seen, and the new and young could not fill the vacant places. Tired of life, wearied of the "vanity of vanities," Chateaubriand, in his old age, infirm and feeble, preferred the spot where Mme. Recamier spent her last days above all others, longing for the retreat when absent, and when unable to write dictating letters to her, which he signed with his own trembling handwriting. In 1830 M. Recamier died at the Abbaye-aux-bais. He was carefully attended by his wife, and received every attention that kindness could dictate. They had lived for thirty-seven years in harmony, though their inequality of age and temperament prevented the existence of any real sympathy and congeniality of feeling. M. de Chateaubriand lost his wife sixteen years after, leaving him old and infirm, the wreck of a brilliant man, now reduced to entire dependence upon the assistance of others. The friend of forty years did not fail him. Mme. Recamier devoted her time and attention to the task of soothing his remaining years, and he earnestly begged that she would bear his name. She refused firmly. "Why should we marry," she answered. "If solitude is painful I will remain with you; the world will sanction my taking care of you. Years and blindness surely give me this right."

He became so entirely dependent upon her attention that he writes, during a short absence for her health, "It is a great pity to be always separated. Alas, when shall we meet again? I still think that we ought never to leave each other, for we are not sure of meeting again. Return, then, quickly. I must never leave you again. Adieu, adieu—always adieus. Life is made up of them."

She resumed her place at his side, though suffering from weakness and anxiety resulting from the loss of her eyesight. His mind was much disturbed by exciting public events, but his last illness confined him only a few days to his bed. He received the last sacrament with the knowledge and consciousness of his death; with faith and humility.

M. de Chateaubriand in his last days was easily affected to tears, and he reproached himself for the weakness, but was afraid of being

too much overcome in addressing his friend on the eve of his death. After he had received the holy viaticum, he never spoke again. "His fever was high and colored his cheeks, giving to his eyes extraordinary brilliancy." "I was several times alone," says her biographer, "with Mme. Recamier by the bedside of this great man in his struggle with death. Each time that she, choked with grief, left the room, he followed her with his eyes without recalling her, but with an agony indicative of the fear lest he should not see her again. As she could not see these looks, she was filled with despair at his silence. Blindness had begun the work of separation before death. Four persons witnessed his death, Count Louis de Chateaubriand, the Abbe Degenerri, a Sister of Charity, and Mme. Recamier. She shed no tears; a strange, alarming pallor spread over her face, which never left it. She did not repulse any consolation, or any efforts of her family to interest her in conversation and reading. She thanked them for these attentions; but a sad, heart-rending smile played on her lips."

She often spoke of him as if absent momentarily, and imagined she saw him entering her door, the obscurity of her vision aiding the illusion. When in this enfeebled state of mind and body the cholera broke out in her vicinity, and her friends had her removed from the infected neighborhood of the Abbaye-aux-bais, though she still drove there daily. One day after her return from that place, while dressing for dinner, she was attacked with violent symptoms of the epidemic, and after a painful illness of twelve hours expired.

"We shall meet again, we shall meet again," she repeated to her niece, and when she lost the power of utterance she raised her lips for a last kiss. When the last moment came her chamber was a scene of grief, and amid the sobs of the family and the kneeling servants, the Abbe de Cazaes recited the prayers for the dying. Cholera frequently leaves sad traces upon the features of its victims, but after death hers assumed a wonderful beauty; the sweetness and loveliness of earlier life hovered still upon the face of the far-famed Mme. Recamier.

It is to be regretted that in her Memoirs so few glimpses of her real inner nature can be obtained. Her biographer places her before the public in her most amiable light, concealing her faults and weaknesses with the watchfulness of devoted affection, though from daily personal intercourse with her no one had a better opportunity of discovering the darker side of character. "She was neither a French fool nor a French flirt," as she has been pronounced, nor was she

simply an elegant, beautiful woman. The qualities of her character retained the admiration her beauty excited. The first, the best of men and women that France and England produced, were proud and happy to be counted on her list of friends; and perhaps no woman with less pretensions ever attracted more admiration; and while the thoughtlessness and frivolities of her earlier life must be condemned from an English stand-point of propriety, it would be unjust and illiberal to judge her by that criterion. Flattered, indulged, spoiled by constant admiration almost from the cradle, she indulged in extravagances and vanities reprehensible, but not entirely inexcusable. No heartless flirt, no simple, pretty fool would have clung to the fortunes of her friends through weal and woe, as she did, braving misfortune and danger thereby; or have received the admiration of princes of the blood, the heroes of the day, dukes, poets, ministers of State, and men of the first literary talent, without turning a shallow brain, or becoming false to some noble principles that characterized her life, and caused her to be deeply lamented at death. She accepted her singular beauty as a gift, but in later years never sought by the aid of falsities to conceal the ravages of time. A friend who had not seen her for many years once complimented her upon her looks. "Ah, my dear friend," she replied, "it is useless for me to deceive myself. From the moment I noticed that the little Savoyards in the street no longer turned to look at me, I knew that all was over."

OUT OF BONDAGE.

PART SECOND.

MEANTIME, in the home that Bent had left, a strange scene was being enacted. No sooner was he out of sight than little Asa gave a series of shrill hurrahs, which brought the neighbors to their windows to see what was the matter, and sent all the cats within hearing scudding up the trees with their tails as big as their heads.

"Deary me!" sighed a good old lady who happened to be sweeping her door-steps, "troubles never do come singly. There's that poor Mrs. Bent just parted from her husband, and now her boy has gone into fits. What'll come next?"

Mrs. Bent could not have decided whether she was an object of pity or not. She was conscious of a feeling of relief even while her ears were half deafened by the boy's shouts. There was no one to blame her for his behavior.

In future, she would not be obliged to account for her own actions to any fellow-creature.

Judith had gone directly into the parlor, which had been shut up so long, and opened all the blinds.

"Hurrah for sunlight!" she shouted, as the sound of her brother's cheering fell on her ears. "O, mother, just come in here one minute! See what a pleasant room it is now it is open! Let us work here instead of in that dismal old shop."

"My child," said her mother, nervously looking in at the door of the room, "you must shut the blinds and come out."

"Blue beard is gone, mother."

"What will the neighbors say, my dear?"

"I do n't care what they say. I never have had a real good time for a whole day in my life. Now, mother dear," said Judith coaxingly, "do n't fret. I will sober down by to-morrow and be the best child you have; but to-day I am too glad to behave myself. I am too light here," she added, putting her hand to her heart.

Mrs. Bent sighed. It was dreadful to see the children rejoicing; more dreadful to know that she felt in some degree the very gladness that they were expressing.

"Where is Mary?"

"In the kitchen, mother. Do n't you hear her sing? That is a splendid song." And Judith began to whistle the air.

"Call her, Judith. Tell her that I want to speak to her."

Mary came running in; her face flushed with exercise and pleasure.

"What is it, mother?"

"You and I are left to manage, Mary. Do you think we can do it?"

"Of course we can. I think I inherit the talent. We shall get along nicely." Mary's bright smile was reassuring.

"If you can't, you can call on me, you know," said Judith, soberly. "I shall be around here generally."

"Come into the kitchen, mother, and see if I have not made a beginning."

Mrs. Bent followed her mechanically—almost sorrowfully, as she noted the bright glow on the young girl's cheek, which should naturally have been stained with tears.

Mary threw open the door and showed the table, set with the best dishes. "You did not eat a morsel for breakfast, dear mother. The rest of us could not eat much. So as soon as father fairly started off I made some new coffee and boiled some eggs. Here is some toast just as you like it, mother, and I put on some cake for the children."

"Company cake," remarked Judith. "But we never have any company, you see, so go ahead."

"My dear," asked their mother, "do n't you think 'that this looks as if you were rejoicing over your father's absence?'"

"Well, we are not mourning. We can not look dismal and feel happy. You would not have us hypocrites."

"No, Mary, not hypocrites. But I am afraid this is not right."

"There is nothing wrong surely, when no one is harmed, and no law is broken."

"All things may be lawful, but all things are not expedient."

"Mother, if you will just taste this coffee you will be satisfied that it is expedient. O, do let us be happy! Just for one day."

Thus adjured Mrs. Bent yielded. It was not in her nature to resist a will stronger than her own, and the children had strong wills. But they loved her. She felt the difference between the dictatorial exactions of her lordly spouse, and the loving persistence of her affectionate daughters. So she sat down by the coffee urn, and gave a pleased look to the old-fashioned china and silver.

She could not remember when it had been used before. It had all been a bridal present to her from her grandmother. She remembered how she used to admire the quaint pattern in her childhood, when she was permitted to take her tea in one of the tiny cups and saucers. The image of herself, a gay child, rummaging grandmother's shelves and drawers, came up before her; and pleasant memories of her happy childhood at home, the partial love of her dear parents, the affectionate pride of her brother, the innocent freedom of her young days, all came thronging out of the past. Ah, she had been somebody once.

Then came a retrospect of her dreary married life. She recalled the early demands upon her unquestioning obedience, and the gradual dying out of her personal identity. Would it be possible to regain this now?

In the midst of her reflections came a loud, prolonged crowing at the door, as if a dozen roosters' notes were blended into one, and then young Asa gave a somersault into the kitchen, and alighted on his feet by his mother's side.

"Why, Asa!"

Another whirl of his heels, leaving him this time standing on his head.

"My son! Get down or—up. You will break your neck."

"I've done it, mother. Hurrah, I've done it."

"Do n't scream. We are not deaf. What have you done?"

"Climbed it to the very top. The old poplar. It was a tough one, too. No limbs till you get up to the sky, and nothing but rotten ones then. Did n't you hear me crow on the top?"

"What *would* your father say?"

"Do n't know. He's o-p-h. I've wanted to do it ever since I was a little boy. And now it is done." Asa drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"But you won't do it again if I ask you not to. Will you, dear?"

"No," answered the boy decidedly, "I sha'n't do it again if you *do n't* ask me. It is too hard work. That job is done with."

Judith had been helping each one to toast, and now busied herself in preparing the eggs for her brother.

"Mary, you are a born cook. I wonder why you were not appointed kitchen girl. I hate housework."

"Do you? That is unfortunate. But we can share it together unless mother objects."

Judith knew that objections from that quarter had never been considered in deciding the family affairs, and she answered rather saucily, "It would be strange if mother's first act of authority should make me into a kitchen drudge."

Mary caught the pained look on her mother's face. "We won't talk in that way," she said, "because we know that mother only wants to do what is best. And do n't fret yourself, Judy. I like to cook, and mother irons beautifully, and you are the best girl I know for sweeping and dusting. We shall manage splendidly."

"I'll help," said Asa, speaking with his mouth full, and upsetting his coffee as he leaned over to pull the cat's tail.

"I see you will," said Mary, laughing. "You can do a great deal if you try. You will be all the man that we shall have in the house. So you will bring in the coal, and polish the knives, and run of errands. There will be plenty of work for us all."

"And nobody to make us do it. Hurrah!"

Asa had unconsciously expressed the feeling of the rest. A smile passed round the table, and the boy thought he had said something very witty indeed.

All this time the soldier-father supposed his obedient family to be busy in the shop, finishing off the vests and pants that he had left behind. But he had been gone a week before there was any regular work done in the shop.

His written orders came in due time, and among the rest was a bill of fare which comprehended the smallest details of the cooking. This paper Judith tacked to the pantry wall for the express purpose of being able to assure

herself that it was disobeyed in every particular. Mary good-naturedly laughed when her sister explained this to her.

"Do you think it is right to encourage Judith in such a spirit?" asked her mother. A questioning remonstrance was the extent of her authority over her children. They had so long witnessed her gentle submission, and so often seen her silenced if she ventured to express an opinion, that they were scarcely aware that they owed her any obedience. It was well that their love for her prevented any open disregard of her wishes.

Mary replied to her question much as she would to a pet child. "Do n't worry, mother dear. We will be careful and prudent. Nothing shall be wasted if I can help it. But it can not affect father if we eat what we like; especially as he will suppose we are eating what he orders."

"And, mamma," added Judith, "we can put every thing back in the old train when we find that he is coming home. I will save the directions. Won't he be pleased to see them tacked to the wall? In the mean time I go in for a batch of mince-pies often, and occasional oyster stews. I have eaten as much codfish and corned-beef now as people usually swallow in a lifetime."

"I hope the war will last till I'm a man," remarked the unpatriotic little Asa. "Do n't you, mother?"

"O, no! Think of the thousands of poor soldiers who must be killed! Think how many families must be made miserable!"

"Yes," said Asa, more thoughtfully, "if Tom Gray should be shot, his wife would be crazy. I heard her say so."

"And Mrs. Tracy," added Judith. "She would never smile again if her husband were killed. Sarah Tracy cries every time she hears the soldiers mentioned. She thought so much of her father."

"Bob Tracy says it's like a funeral over to his house," said Asa. "I told him 't was real jolly over here."

"Why, Asa!" remonstrated the mother. "Suppose your father should be killed!"

Neither of the children spoke a word in reply to this. But Mary, who had been regarding her mother with a wistful, questioning look, now came and slipped her arm around her waist. They were of the same height, and the girlish figure was not more straight or slender than the mother's.

"Mother, dear," she said, coaxingly, "I have been wanting to ask you something for a whole week."

"So long as that, Mary? Why have n't you spoken? You are not afraid, surely?"

"No; but I feared you would think I was finding fault. I must not do that with you, mother."

"You must if I need it."

A shadow came over the gentle, motherly face as she met Mary's eager look.

"Mother, now that father is gone, you ought to be the head of the family. Judith comes to me for advice, and as for Asa, he seems to consult no one."

"That's so," said the boy, a little defiantly.

Mrs. Bent started, and looked at him uneasily.

"Mother, you can manage us all beautifully if you will try; because we all love you."

"That's so," said Asa again.

"Of course you can," rejoined Judith heartily. "Uncle Ned says you know enough sight more than father does, only you are too timid to push your way."

"But if we all help you push at first," said Mary brightly, "it will soon come easy."

"Push away," shouted Asa. "Hurrah! Molly is a brick!"

As Mrs. Bent looked at her son she remembered his father's words—"No woman can bring up a boy." Asa's behavior was certainly no special credit to his masculine training.

"Washington owed *his* greatness to his mother," she reflected; "so did John Wesley. Mothers are not the helpless creatures that some men believe. My boy loves me, and with the help of God, I will make something of him yet."

She looked round upon her children with a new glow on her cheek and the light of a new resolution in her eyes. She saw her privilege to be a wife instead of a slave—a mother instead of a nonentity.

"You are right, Mary; but I am very weak."

"You will grow strong. Do n't you remember when my arm was lame that it would not get strong till I used it? We will help all we can; but, mother, you must plan for us and decide for us."

Mrs. Bent was a truly conscientious woman, and the responsibilities of her position had troubled her very much because of her inability to assume them. Mary's frankness had smoothed the way, but it looked very difficult still. She had so long been simply a reflection of her husband, thinking as he thought, or condemning herself if she could n't, that her whole intellectual being had lost its healthy tone and vigor.

It is beautiful to see a young wife start in

her married life with a sublime faith in her husband's superior wisdom and ability. But if he is not really superior enough to prevent the merging of her individuality in his, her boundless trust in him only serves to weaken her own powers. There are many gentle-spirited wives who find their happiness in leaning entirely upon those they love, but they do so at the sacrifice of their own strength.

It was many weeks before Mrs. Bent could take up the smallest responsibility without answering to herself the ever-recurring query, "What would *he* say?" This question haunted her all day, and clung to her like a nightmare during her hours of sleep.

But as the flower of the field when crushed under foot gradually lifts up its head when the weight is removed, so the hope and courage which had nearly died out of her heart began to live afresh, and the old elasticity of spirit which had made her childhood so happy came back again.

Asa Bent had been three months from home when he began to notice an unusual tone in his wife's letters. That change had been growing for some time; but it takes an idea a long while to get into heads of a certain class, and the unwelcome and very surprising thought had just found admission into his that some change was going on at home.

The details of the housekeeping, which he had so strongly insisted upon regulating, had gradually slipped out of the correspondence, and he was actually ignorant whether the "skimings" of the two last boiled dinners had been saved or not.

"They shorten the gingerbread with butter, as likely as not," he commented angrily. The last letter had omitted to state the expenses of the previous week, and the amount of the shop-work.

"It is very strange," he reflected. "I wish I could get a furlough and go home long enough to straighten out things. Women don't know how to manage. Likely as not Ruthy has lost the rules that I wrote down. Judith has mischief enough in her to burn them. I will make out another set."

He did so, sitting up late at night to do it, and writing in large letters to make the orders more impressive. He did not mention them in the letter that inclosed them, rightly judging that they could speak for themselves.

O, if he could but have heard the chorus of laughter which greeted their arrival! Mrs. Bent was absent, enjoying a social cup of tea with a neighbor—a pleasure which had been utterly impossible under the connubial regime;

but Judith opened the letter just as if her mother had been present.

"Look, Mary! Here's a providence! Only yesterday, when we were cleaning the pantry, I thought the old rules were growing too dingy to be kept there much longer. Now, here's a spick-span-clean set to tack up. See," said Judith, nodding her head as if she were shaking the quotation out of it. "See how the rough wind is tempered to the shorn lambs!"

"Well, do n't let mother see it."

"Perhaps the letter speaks of it."

"Read it and see."

So Judith read the letter, interspersing parenthetic comments of her own:

"*My Dear Wife*,—I received your letter in due time. I am glad to hear that you are all well. I wish I could say the same of myself. I have been on picket-duty a good deal since we left the fort, and it does not agree with me to go without my sleep. I have many hardships to endure, and shall know how to prize my home if I ever return to it. I think of you very often, and imagine sometimes that I am with you in the shop; but I soon wake up to the fact that I am far away. You do not write so fully about your daily life as I wish you would. I like to know just what you are all doing. [You would enjoy the knowledge.] You say that one week is a sample of the rest. It may be, but I insist on having the particulars. You have not written about the shop-work for a whole month. I hope Brown is faithful. Write how much you earn and who you work for. I can see you all sitting in the shop together; all but Judith, who is busy in the kitchen. She is baking beans to-day. [Not a bean.] We do n't get many luxuries. We expect to go farther south soon. We have orders now to hold ourselves in readiness to move, but none of the soldiers can guess in what direction. Some say we are going to guard Washington. Write as soon as you get this.

"From your husband, ASA BENT."

"A blessed good letter, is n't it, Mary?"

"What is that bit of paper sticking to the envelope?"

Judith examined it closely. "Only an afterthought. Listen: 'Gray's wife writes to him that the Methodists are having what they call a revival. You will be careful not only to keep away yourself from the meetings but to keep the girls away.' That's interesting!"

"You can burn that scrap, Judith. Mother is a great deal happier since she began to attend the meetings. It would be cruel to hinder her. Put the paper in the fire and say nothing about it."

About this time Mrs. Bent began to query in her mind whether there was not some business better suited to her family than the sedentary drudgery of tailoring. She had never liked the work, and the girls positively disliked it. They made enough by it to live in tolerable comfort, but a great deal of the work was very heavy—too heavy for the slender strength of the growing girls. It troubled her to see that there was no time for mental improvement or for recreation.

"O, this horrible black stitching!" said Mary one morning as she sat down by the open window of the sitting-room. The work was taken to any part of the house where the girls chose to sit. "If I could have but six months at the high school I could teach the primary school. I should like that."

"Well," said Judith, reluctantly laying down her book and taking up her work, "I expect to be known in future as the biggest dunce in town. So I shall excel in something," she added, laughing, as she saw her mother looking anxiously toward them.

"I wish I could send you both to school. Perhaps it could be managed if your father would allow it. You know his views. He thinks that women are apt to get out of their sphere if they are educated."

"One thing is certain, mother," said Mary, "if we are ever to learn any thing, it must be while he is gone."

"I see no way to help you, my dear."

"Mamma," said Judith, "Mrs. Tracy told me this morning that you were a milliner before you were married. Is not that better than this heavy work?"

"I think it is. But your father differed from me in opinion."

"Let him differ. He's 'away down South in Dixie,'" sang Judith. "Did you like to make caps and bonnets?"

"Yes. Very much."

"And Mrs. Tracy says you had a real genius for it. Good taste, you know."

"Yes. I liked to design the trimmings and match the colors. It was like gathering Spring flowers to me. Yes. I liked it."

"Mother, I am quite sure you could do it now. What was that we read about true genius being immortal? That's your kind. Perhaps Mary and I are geniuses too; only waiting to be brought out. I know I should like the pretty work. Let us try it. 'Now's the day and now's the hour.'"

"No, no. We must not think of it. What would your father say! We must be contented to go on in the old way."

"Ah, but we can't, mother dear," said Mary

suddenly. "Did I not tell you? Brown has enlisted for a soldier. He gets ever so much bounty money. So there is no one to cut out the work for us."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. His sister told me. Strange that I did not think that his going would release us. He will be off directly."

"I am as glad as I can be," said Judith. "We will clear out all the rubbish from the shop this very day. It must be painted and papered, and have a show-window. We will go without new dresses, mamma, if you need the money for furnishing. Any thing to get out of bondage. Mother, that shop can be made into a pleasant room. Just put a bay-window on the west side and—well, what are you and Mary laughing at?"

"At your enthusiasm, my child. Don't get the carpenters and painters here before we have time to think of the plan."

"But would n't you like to do it? That is, if we can."

"Yes; and I will think it over. We must do nothing rashly."

"Now do n't write to father about it. He will not approve, of course. But when he comes home and sees how nicely we are managing he will not object. It will show him that women have a few ideas of their own sometimes."

"Well, my dear children, if we decide to try this new business, we must begin prudently. The shop must remain just as it is till the money is earned to pay for improvements."

"I think you are right, mother," said Mary.

"But never mind," she whispered to her sister, "the bay-window will come in time. It will be pleasant to work for it."

"I only hope that father will not hear of it for a year."

"He can't help himself if he does," said little Asa, who had attentively listened to the discussion. "He can't bother. I guess his captain makes him haw, gee."

Mrs. Bent looked somewhat curiously at the little boy who had not been brought up by a woman. And as she looked a cloud came over her face. The little defiant speeches, in regard to their father, which Asa and Judith seemed to think were so bright and witty, showed in a different light to their mother. They had always grated unpleasantly upon her ear; but she had never thought of seeking a remedy till lately. Now her mind was very often occupied by the question, "How can I inspire my children with a proper respect for their father?" Not by an exercise of authority. The boy had been governed too much already.

"My dear boy," she said presently, after he

had gone through a pantomime in which he was captain, and a rocking chair had served for his father who was being disciplined, "my dear boy, I want to tell you a story—about yourself."

"Do you? Wait a minute till I put this fellow under guard. There. All ready. Put on steam. Go ahead."

"When you were a wee baby, no bigger than Mrs. Tracy's Freddy, you were very sick indeed. There was no one to care for you but your father. I had been sick, too, and he had watched by me, and been such a careful nurse that I was getting better; but I was not strong enough to take care of you. I can not tell you how very sick you were. For two whole days and nights we expected that our dear baby-boy must die."

"Did you?"

"Yes. You must have died if your father had not taken such care of you. He was very tired, but he held you all the time, never shutting his eyes to sleep; sometimes rocking you in his arms; sometimes carrying you up and down the room, and always trying to make his little boy comfortable."

"Did he?" Little Asa's voice grew soft. "Did he do all that, mamma?"

"Yes. And afterward, when his little boy grew into a stout lad, and could run about and play all day, he could not speak of his father without trying to make fun of him. There was nothing he liked so well as to disobey him."

Asa brought the captive chair from the corner and put it in its place before he answered. "I will never do it again, mother. I did not know he was so good. And I'll be sorry when there is a battle. You see, now." The little boy's eyes were full of penitent tears. "And, mamma, say, have n't you a story for Judith?"

"Yes. Before you were born, my dear, when sister Judith was a baby and Mary a little girl, a great many children died in this place. They had the scarlatina, and they died very suddenly. Some of them lived but a few hours after they were taken with it. Mary and Judith were both sick at the same time. Your father gave up his work, and scarcely ate or slept till the danger was over. He procured every thing that they needed, no matter at what cost. Perhaps sister Mary can remember that she was a long time in getting well, and something about the time that we spent at the sea-side on her account. She had a great many sickly, foolish whims, as weakly children are apt to have, but her father indulged them all till she was quite well and strong again."

"I have never thought of father in that way," said Mary in a low voice. "I did not know that he loved us."

"He is so set in his way," put in Judith.

"That is true, but he does not mean to be unkind. He is very strict and particular in his ideas of what is proper for us. We feel it unpleasant to be so controlled, and I am not going to say that I think such restraint to be necessary. But shall we forget all that is good and kind in him?"

"We can't forget what we never knew," remarked Judith.

"My dear girls, I have been wanting to speak about this to you for a long time; ever since what Mary said about my being the head of the family. But somehow I have dreaded to introduce the subject. You know I have but little courage."

"That is his fault."

"Do n't, Judith. It hurts me very much when any of you speak of your father in such a way. I have known him ever since he was a boy."

"And yet you married him," interrupted Judith, in undisguised amazement.

"And yet I married him," repeated her mother. "I understood him better than you do. There is much real goodness of heart hidden under his disposition to govern. He inherited that trait from his father. I think it is the one fault in his character. It was not developed at home, because he had to obey there. When we were married, and I was so weak, and so unwise, too, as to yield all my opinions and wishes to his, he began to show the family trait. I am as much to blame for its growth as he is. I used to be happy if he were only pleased. So it soon became a matter of course that he should dictate and I obey."

"Mother," said Mary after a little pause, "I wish we had talked about this before. I am ashamed of myself. But I will never grieve you in this way again."

"And Judith?" asked the mother anxiously.

"O, I'll be careful. I did n't know you cared."

"And will you not try to feel more kindly toward your father? You may never see him again. It would be dreadful to hear that he had fallen on the battle-field, and to know that you felt so bitter toward him."

"I will do any thing on earth to please you. If my enemy hunger, I will feed him; if—"

"Hush, my child! Those are Scripture words and must not be spoken lightly. Now, my dears," said Mrs. Bent, smiling, "I have said my say. The next thing is to finish off the work on hand so as to be ready to carry out our new plan."

Mrs. Bent had decided to try the millinery scheme. Mary could not remember that her mother had ever been so cheerful, or had ever

shown so much interest in any work before. In a week the whole aspect of the house seemed changed.

"It is because she likes it," said Judith, watching her mother's quick motions as she arranged her little stock of goods to show to the best advantage. "Look, Mary! How prettily she has placed the flowers and ribbons! Is not the shop beautiful? And I like the work, too. It seems civilized. Good-by to sore fingers and back aches! I declare," said Judith, starting up from her seat by the window, "I do so hate the sight of coats and pants that I can't bear to see a man go by the house."

"I guess you'll get over that," said pert little Asa. "Girls mostly does."

"The old shop, mother," pursued Judith, who seldom paid any attention to her little brother's remarks, "was a dark corner full of the habitations of cruelty. Now it looks as if it enjoyed the light and liberty of the Gospel."

"I think it is pleasant," said her mother, "but it is not pleasant to hear your application of Scripture language. You have a quick wit, my child, but there is no wit shown in trifling with sacred things."

Judith's brow clouded at this reproof. She had a strong will as well as ready wit, and it was irksome to be restrained in the utterance of the many queer conceits that came into her head. But she had a most affectionate nature, and as she met her mother's anxious look the loving heart triumphed.

"I will be careful," she said penitently, and then, as a sudden light broke all over her face, she added, somewhat irreverently, "I am so glad, mother dear, that you have at last got up spunk enough to scold."

A FOOT-JOURNEY THROUGH THE TYROL.

SECOND PAPER.

THE proper point for crossing the range of mountains, separating the Vintschgau Valley on the south from that of the Inn on the north, is the filthy little village of Staben. You can take the stage, and in two and a half full days get around into the Inn Valley at a point opposite Staben; but if you wish a five days' walk over one of the wildest parts of the Alps, and to descend into the charming valley of the Oetz, so as to traverse every mile of its course, let the stage attend to its own legitimate business. You have a richer feast before you than its sleepy, dusty occupants. It will take you more time than they will need, but by so doing you

will gain many advantages which they dare not hope to reap.

The road from Staben leads precipitously through vineyards, and in due time the narrow valley of the Schnals is entered. I had hardly lost sight of Staben before I was overtaken by a Tyrolese pedestrian, who had a friendly, open countenance, and told me that he was going to *Unser Frau*—the Virgin Mary—the very cluster of houses where I hoped to spend the night. My traveling companion had taken the stage around, and thus I would have been altogether alone if it were not for this peasant. The path was not very easy to discover at some places, and Christian—for that was his name—served the purpose of a trusty guide. The valley became narrow and very deep, and the foot-path wound along the left side. Every step had to be taken with care, but there was no danger to any one who is not subject to giddiness. Hour after hour passed by and still the valley did not terminate. There were little patches of stunted hay below us, and streams of clear water ran down the sides of the mountain, and were carefully directed into courses most advantageous for irrigating the land. No cart or vehicle of any kind can traverse the Schnals Valley; all the burdens must be carried on the backs of the peasantry or the donkeys. The post-boy ascends it only once a week, but he might almost as well abandon his craft, for the work he has to do is commensurate with the profound ignorance and superstition of the peasantry. We came to a little collection of houses lying far below us, while the parish chapel stood on a high mountain above them. On asking Christian if the people of the village worshiped in that chapel, which could only be reached by a difficult ascent, he replied, "O yes; they all go to Church at the appointed times. They don't mind climbing a mountain." I immediately thought of the many pretexts I had heard in the United States in justification of absence from the house of worship, by that large class of people who save all of their diseases of the week till Sabbath morning, and whom a little shower, or snow-squall, or a walk of a good healthful distance, never keeps from the place of business from Monday till Sunday. It is difficult to tell what sort of an exclamation such folks would make if they were to see the little chapel of St. Catherine, which has stood ever since A. D. 1502, high above the dwellings of its prompt congregation. But perhaps if they had to undergo the same difficult ascent for a time, they would manufacture a convenient windlass and comfortable dumb-waiter to hoist them up to their devotions.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached the buildings of the old Carthusian Monastery, which bears the imposing name of "Mountain of all the Angels." The monastery was founded A. D. 1326 by King Henry, who was at the time only Prince of Tyrol, but bore the royal title as Pretender to the Bohemian crown. The monastery was abolished in 1782, and the cells are occupied by a squalid population of poor and ignorant persons. There are some old paintings in the St. Anna Church by an unknown hand. Knitting stockings and raising cattle are the principal occupation of the people now infesting the monastery and the lowly huts grouped around it. This is a convenient center for making many interesting excursions.

It was near sunset when we arrived at the "Virgin Mary," the last village of the valley of the Schnals, which is here over five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Christian lay down to sleep on the velvety grass beside the door of the inn, and the homely hostess made liberal promises of a good dinner. Meantime I engaged a guide for the following day's journey over the Pass, and had a pleasant chat with the young priest, who was the junior curate of the village Church. He spoke of an intimate priestly friend of his in Cincinnati, but he no sooner learned that I was an American than a very significant expression clouded his face, as much as to say, "Ah, well; poor land, your people are only Protestants, and they do n't know any better." He told the history of his little chapel, and offered snuff as if to draw me into sympathy with his story. The original chapel was built A. D. 1303, but it went into decay afterward, and was restored to its present state in 1746. In the chapel there is a "Mercy Picture," which is highly revered through a large extent of country, and is the object of many pilgrimages. There is also a beautiful picture representing St. Bruno, supposed by Helfenrieder. There is an exquisite wooden crucifix in the sacristy.

The dinner was not equal to that of an American hotel, but hunger sweetens the poorest fare. Each room was presided over by one or more pendent crucifixes, some of which reached almost from the ceiling to the floor. Arrangements had to be made for food next day, as I was to eat high up on the Pass, far from any inn whatever. The hostess showed me a long chest, which was partitioned off, and contained sundry uninviting bits of dried fat pork, mutton, and beef. They were savory with garlic, and finely coated with cobwebs. I declined all her propositions for dried meat, and finally determined on hard-boiled eggs. The upper hall, on

which my bedroom was situated, was first covered by accumulated dirt, and afterward by many loaves of bread, which seemed to be spread there in order to undergo some further hardening process. How many I trod on while passing up and down stairs I will not engage to say; but it is just as likely that previous guests had trampled well over the little hard, thin loaves that had already helped to satisfy my hunger. The bedroom was the best in the house. I had ample accommodations for Catholic worship, even if I had been thus occupied all night. There were several chief crucifixes looking down upon me from the corners of the room, to say nothing of the ornaments wrought into miniature crucifixes. On searching for matches I found a little object, which was surmounted by a crucifix, hanging high at the door. This appeared more like a match-safe than any thing else, but on feeling for matches there was only ice-cold water. Thus I had the benefit of "holy water" to give such pleasant dreams as may be expected of an American when he sleeps on a worn-out and hilly straw mattress, in keeping with the rocky country around him.

CROSSING A GLACIER.

Just at half-past four o'clock next morning I had the satisfaction of seeing my guide, Joseph Rafeiner, trip off with my knapsack on his back. This was to be the most adventurous day of my Tyrolese journey, and Joseph said that the peaks were in clearer view than usual. In about three hours we took a lunch in the last human habitation before crossing the mountain, and the only one I was to see before evening. Though I had been gradually ascending all the day before, and also ever since Joseph and I had started that morning, it was only now that we came to the direct and precipitous ascent of the "High Yoke" proper. Friendly sheep followed close behind us, and a drove of horses seemed to enjoy our companionship. The air was very cold, and every time I stopped there was immediate need of a heavy shawl. About noon we reached the neighborhood of the High Yoke Glacier, when we nestled closely under a rock to spend a half hour over our hard eggs and harder bread. Cold chills ran through me all the time, and I was glad enough to be in motion again. It had snowed a good deal the day before—which was the 8th of July—and there was no path to be seen either over the great patches of snow that stretched down on the side of the mountain or over the glacier itself. Joseph went ahead and made tracks for me as well as he could; but he needed a hatchet, which he had neglected to bring along,

for the snow had here frozen to ice during the night, and it was almost impossible to make footprints. With the exception of a slight fall, that did no further harm than a half hour's excited nerves and a soon-forgotten bruise, no accident occurred. But Joseph afterward took me by the hand and held me with the iron grasp of an Alpine giant.

Having reached the glacier proper, we gradually ascended it till we stood upon its highest point, which is indicated by a rough, wooden cross. The view was not as distant as I had anticipated; I could see almost nothing but snow-clad mountains on all sides. It appeared as if that was all there was of the earth. Between the mountains, glaciers many miles in length trailed down like white serpents and converged into one, the High Yoke, on which we were shivering in the cold. The scene reminded me of a colossal, uplifted human hand, the outstretched fingers representing the separate glaciers, and the wrist the magnificent central one formed by their convergence. The air was as clear as ether itself; the Similan, though twenty miles off, seemed within an hour's walk. The horizon was of a pale green, but the higher we looked toward the zenith the bluer the sky grew, till it became intensely blue just above us. Our feet made but slight impressions on the newly fallen snow on the glacier, but as it was early in the season there was no danger of falling into chasms. We had to protect our faces from the powerful reflection of the sun from the ice by means of spectacles and green veils; but I relieved myself of mine whenever it became necessary to take advantage of a new view. We passed occasionally a rough wooden cross, which did not mark out the path, but only indicated the spot where some ill-fated hunter had suffered the penalty of his rashness.

Having begun the descent of the glacier, the valley of the Oetzt broke upon us in all its wild grandeur. We found some chasms that the July sun had already begun to make and widen, and when our feet once more struck the solid ground, or rather rock, a feeling of indescribable relief came over me. Joseph and I took our last lunch together just after finishing our five miles' walk over the glacier; then we parted, he back to his humble home at "Virgin Mary," and I for a fortnight of calmer and less adventurous travel far down below the glaciers and their chill air.

The path was now plain enough for the most of the way, but there were some fearful gorges which it threaded high above the stream, and more than once I wished for Joseph's strong hand again. In a few hours I reached stunted

vegetation once more, and herds of sheep, whose shepherds were no where to be seen, came up like old acquaintances and rubbed their noses against my sun-burnt hands, as if to bid me welcome after the completion of a hard day's work.

That night I found good lodgings in the little village of Fend. The parish priest, who is thoroughly conversant with the topography of the neighboring ranges of mountains, has charge of the inn. His little library of interesting guide-books had probably helped many a tired pedestrian before me to relax healthfully after severe fatigue, and thus to prepare, as well as books can do, for a refreshing night's rest. Fend lies six thousand feet above the sea, and the air is no doubt chilly throughout the Summer. I called it "cold" that night, but the priest said with a smile, "O no, it is only fresh!"

It now required two more days to descend the valley of the Oetzt and reach the great Inn Valley, which is the main thoroughfare of Northern Tyrol. The Oetzt stream gathers strength by frequent tributaries, and in a few hours' walking along its bank it is found to have assumed the dimensions of a little river. The scenery is ever changing, but never dull and unattractive. Sometimes the river almost disappears in a dark gorge overhung by half-uprooted fir-trees, then it spreads out like a cheerful mountain lake. The mountains sometimes seem like two immense confronting harps, so numerous and musical are its high, silvery, thread-like cascades. Occasionally one of them overhangs the road, for the narrow foot-path has been grooved out of its side by hard labor in the past centuries. No vehicles traverse any part of its upper course.

At Solden the road commences, and when I once more saw wagon-ruts, it appeared to me that I had been three days on another planet. On the east of Umhausen rises the precipice of Angel's Wall, so called from the tradition of "the only child of the lord of the Castle of Hirschberg having been carried off in sight of its parents by an enormous vulture, and, while they were ringing their hands in despair, having been rescued from its talons by an angel." There is a multitude of such legends in the mouths of the peasantry of the Oetzt Valley. Every prominent mountain, water-fall, and gorge has its cluster of them, and the humble people who relate them think you wickedly incredulous if you do not swallow them as willingly as they have done. The priests take good care to foster their superstitious temperament, for it strengthens their own hold upon the popular mind.

LAUDECK AND THE FINSTERMUNZ PASS.

On reaching the stage-road of the broad and beautiful Inn Valley I engaged passage for Laudeck, which lies at the eastern end. The scenery during every minute of the three hours' ride was less grand than that which I had enjoyed for two or three days previously, but it was much more beautiful and tranquilizing. At Brennbuchl dinner was served in the hotel where King Frederic Augustus of Saxony died, on the 9th of August, 1854. He had been making the tour of Switzerland and the Tyrol, and was riding through the last valley of his route. By a sudden turn of the vehicle he fell out, and was mortally injured by the horses' hoofs. On being taken to the nearest inn, he died. The blood-stained pillow, the undisturbed bed on which he died, the flowers and beautiful wreath which he had twined, his little bell, and a number of other objects of interest, are still to be seen. The room and furniture remain just as they were thirteen years ago, when its royal occupant breathed his last.

The parish church of Laudeck was built in the sixteenth century, though the same site had been occupied by one erected A. D. 1270. The castle of Laudeck is the most conspicuous object to be seen, and a magnificent view may be enjoyed from its windows. It was once the home of the founder of the celebrated Schrof-fenstein dynasty, but is now a deserted and gloomy ruin. Many Roman coins are still found here. I took a second stage from Laudeck, late in the afternoon, in order to ascend the upper Inn Valley as far toward the Finstermunz Pass as practicable before dark.

The Poutlaz Bridge, over which the road leads, is a very interesting object, on account of the important part it has played in Tyrolese history. The people have often been compelled to defend it against foreign invaders, and they have never failed to manifest a heroism worthy of a better cause than the support of the Austrian Government. This bridge crosses the Inn just before reaching the village of Prutz, situated on a low, marshy plain, at the entrance of the Kaunser Valley. This valley—a side piece to the upper Inn Valley, and running off at right angles to it—stretches up to the vast Gebatsch Glacier, which is estimated at sixty miles long and thirty miles broad. One of the most memorable exploits of the Tyrolese, during the eventful campaign of 1809, took place near the second bridge. I give the account in Sir Walter Scott's words: "The fate of a division of ten thousand men belonging to the French and Bavarian army, which entered the

upper Innthal, or Valley of the Inn, will explain in part the means by which the victories of the Tyrolese were obtained. The invading troops advanced in a long column up a road bordered on the one side by the River Inn, then a deep and rapid torrent, where cliffs of immense height overhang both road and river. The vanguard was permitted to advance unopposed as far as Prutz, the object of their expedition. The rest of the army were, therefore, induced to trust themselves still deeper in this tremendous pass, where the precipices, becoming more and more narrow as they advanced, seemed about to close over their heads. No sound but of the screaming of the eagles disturbed from their eyries, and the roar of the river, reached the ears of the soldier, and on the precipices, partly enveloped in a hazy mist, no human forms showed themselves. At length the voice of a man was heard calling across the ravine, 'Shall we begin?' 'No!' was returned in an authoritative voice by one who, like the first speaker, seemed the inhabitant of some upper region. The Bavarian detachment halted, sent to the General for orders, when presently was heard the terrible signal, 'In the name of the Holy Trinity cut all loose!' Huge rocks and trunks of trees, long prepared and laid in heaps for the purpose, began now to descend rapidly in every direction, while the deadly fire of the Tyrolese, who never throw away a shot, opened from every bush, crag, or corner of rock, which could afford the shooter cover. As this dreadful attack was made on the whole line at once, two-thirds of the enemy were instantly destroyed; while the Tyrolese, rushing from their shelter, with swords, spears, axes, scythes, clubs, and all other rustic instruments which could be converted into weapons, beat down and routed the shattered remainder. As the vanguard, which had reached Prutz, was obliged to surrender, very few of the ten thousand invaders are computed to have extricated themselves from the fatal pass."

I reached the town of Ried about dusk, and there spent the night. Welcome letters from home—the first for nearly three weeks—accompanied with an abundance of American news, were sufficient to obliterate all sense of weariness, and almost to render me indifferent to the superb panoramic view of glaciers which a hill-top near the hotel affords.

Above the town of Stuben the Pass of Finstermunz begins. There is a fine carriage road grooved out of the left side of the mountain, and from this the pedestrian can enjoy at his leisure the remarkable scenery which this pass, only inferior in its kind to the *Via Mala* in Switzerland, presents from base to summit.

The rocky eminences overhanging the road are ornamented with life-like images of the wild chamois. I thought one of them living, and the illusion was not dissipated till it was plainly impossible to frighten him from his cliff. Cascades fall in graceful beauty from the precipitous side of the mountain rising just across the abyss. The infant Inn—whose bed in past ages was hundreds of feet higher, right where the broad, smooth hollows in the rocks are yet clearly visible—is fed and strengthened by many a cheerful tributary, but, without waiting to give thanks for the help it gets, it hastens on to mingle its strain with the harsher notes of the Danube, and afterward to tell its mountain story to the far-off Black Sea.

About ten o'clock in the morning I reached the summit of the Pass, and looked far down on the web-like bridge crossing the Inn. The little castle of Sigmundreck, built long ago by Duke Sigmund, sticks to the rock like a great, beautiful muscle. There is an inn near by, which has a deserted appearance, in perfect harmony with the castle itself.* The angle where they stand forms the boundary between Switzerland and Austria, and off to the right begins the Engadine Valley, which had fairly wearied me with its charms two weeks ago. On going a little beyond the Finstermunz, I noticed the dusty volume created by the coming stage; and from its top could see the waving handkerchief of my genial traveling companion, from whom I had been separated since the first of the week.

A few more days terminated our foot-tour through the Tyrol. It is one of the most pleasant and instructive experiences I have among the treasures of memory, and I can not wish any one who has patiently followed me, in these lines, over that wonderful country a pleasanter vacation than a few weeks amid the same rare beauties and sublimities.

IF LADIES WON'T WALK, DO LET THEM MAKE
THE MEN WALK.

Of course, American ladies can not be expected to climb mountains, or even distance a mile or two of level ground; but I have met some of them in the Alps who were walking their seven hours a day without inconvenience, yet they had likely been in the habit of taking an omnibus at home every time they wished to go a block or two. But granted that American ladies can not walk; that they were made to ride all the time; that mother Eve even found a handsome Phaeton ready-made for her, and that all her daughters down to the Flood rode in stately coaches—grant all this if you wish, but there is no apology for your permitting your

husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons to ride whenever they ought to walk. Do start them off now and then in thick-soled boots for a ten-mile tramp; burn up the time-tables of all the stage lines, and no harm will be done if you include some of the local car time-tables too. Manage in every good-humored, womanly way to get them to walk often and long enough to rouse up their thin, sleepy blood. Try it as frequently as it is safe; keep at it, and, when you succeed, you will find more pleasant words spoken at home than you have heard for many a day. There will be a gratifying and magical diminution of provoking side frowns at certain chronically unwelcome dishes on the dinner-table. If the man with whom your destiny is linked be a preacher, at all hazards induce him to walk a long distance at least every alternate day, and he will soon forget to scold at home or from his pulpit. As to sore throats, dyspepsia, blue Mondays, quarrelsome members, plotting officials, and the "next appointment," you will hear no more about them.

FRIENDSHIP.

THIS is an old theme, but it need not be, therefore, objectionable. "Robin Grey" is an old ballad, but it can never lose its sweetness; "Lang Syne" is old, but I shall never forget how it went like an arrow to my heart, and brought the quick tears to my eyes, as from a fine band of singers its familiar strains burst unexpectedly on my ear. No, friendship is not an original subject; it is one which every boy and every school-girl is sure to essay, and one which these same individuals, at a later day, store away as an antiquated composition-subject with "Birds," "Flowers," "Animals," etc., as beneath the dignity of fourteen years. There is scarcely a word in our language of which so much has been said and written, and yet there is no subject about which people are so ignorant—about which so many errors are woven as friendship. Nothing is more common than to hear men talk of their friends. I would think, if I did not know better, that any man could, at a moment's warning, summon ten legions of angels to his side. I used to believe that Judas Iscariot was the only man who ever died without a friend. Now, it is my conviction that, in this great city, with its hundreds of thousands of souls, there are scarcely a thousand who ever felt a genuine friendship. Do not call me a cold-blooded calculator. Do I not speak the bitter truth? Let the unrest and loneliness of your heart, the indifference with which you

receive professions of friendship, the deductions you make from them, the conscious emptiness—comparatively speaking—of those you make, let these things answer. You feel that there is no depth of earth to these flowers, and that ere-long they will wither away. How many of you can lay a hand on a friend, and say, "I love him as I love my own soul; I confide in him as in the wife of my bosom—as I do in my mother; he is mine, I am his?"

Place a young man, who talks fluently about his friends, on the witness stand with a sharp lawyer to cross-question him, and the following facts would probably be elicited:

His friends are young men with whom he exchanges cigars; at whose rooms, down town, he familiarly drops in to read the news and talk over the last party. They belong to the same "set," go sleigh-riding together, and borrow each other's neck ties—and that is all. Ask a girl about the character of her friend, of whom you hear so much, and you will be informed that she is "real nice;" is a great hand to carry on; is "real good-hearted;" is a splendid girl; and there your informer will stop, as though she had mapped out the character in full before your eyes, reminding you, if you have ever taught children, of one who, parrot-like, rattles off, "The earth is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, and America," and then looks at you with a satisfied, self-gratulatory air, as though he had given you the whole of geography in a breath. Both the young lady and the child have told you all they know on the subjects in question.

Of the products of the human heart, none is so rare as friendship. It is the diamond among the affections—rarer and purer than all others. We find love a thousand times where we find friendship once. Indeed, so rarely is this gem discovered amid the clay and rubbish of humanity, so often does the supposed jewel prove worthless stone, that nothing is more general than skepticism as to the existence of friendship. Poets in all ages have questioned its reality, though one has dedicated his greatest work to friendship. We find among all nations proverbs embodying this skepticism, and how many of these would teach us that friendship depends on externals! "Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from his neighbor." How shamed we should be to have God hold up this picture before us! We must, however, acknowledge its faithfulness; the proverb is true of the world at large. But, in spite of all unbelief on the subject, I am persuaded that friendship is a blessed reality. There has been—we have the word of God for it—at least one

genuine friendship. No one interested in the honor of human nature can read the story of Jonathan and David without feeling thankful for the record, and without a degree of pride in the capabilities of humanity. "And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And David and Jonathan made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul." I wish I knew the words of that covenant of friendship.

Should you refer me, in connection with what has been said concerning the rarity of friendship, to that general kindly interest and pleasant feeling which exists among congenial acquaintances and neighbors—among the thoughtful, substantial portion of the people—and ask me to name it, I could not do it. I wish somebody would give it a good, pleasant name, for it is worthy of one. I could only say, it is not friendship. "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Do not believe that friendship lives in your bosom, till you can have some man tell you hard truths of yourself, and can have your heart reply, lovingly and gratefully, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend;" unless you can love him amid the little vexations and great cares of life; unless you can show yourself his brother in the dark days when the world frowns. Friendship is even stronger than the cable cords of nature. "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly, and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." "Closer than a brother?" Where is the man who hath a friend?

But friendship is thus rarely seen, not, I believe, because so few are capable of it, but from a combination of causes—many of them accidental and inconsiderable when separately regarded. I shall bring upon me the indignation of all the school-girls and boys; if, perchance, any such should read this article, when I say that a friendship begun in early years rarely comes to maturity. They will be ready to exclaim, as did Tom Brown in reading from Sir Walter Raleigh a somewhat similar idea, "What a cold-blooded old Philistine!" That school-girl who has her dear friend, for whom she calls every morning, and to whom she confides her plans for teasing and cheating her teacher—by whom she sits in class, with whom she talks over her beaux and flirtations, is sure I am writing on a subject of which I am ignorant, and is confident—"just knows"—that nothing can ever interrupt her friendship; that her dear mate will ever be her dear friend. And I fancy I see some sturdy, honest boy throw aside my article, stride down to his friend's house,

boiling with indignation, and after, boy-like, whistling the latter out, pouring into the listening ear all his outraged heart, each declaring, as he protests against the heresy, "We 'll show her."

But, my dear indignant boys and girls, ask your fathers and mothers; they know very well that I am right, and you will know it one of these days. Ask them to show you the locks of hair, the pictures, the letters they exchanged with their school friends. Their vows of undying friendship are broken, forgotten. There is no quickening of the pulse, no yearning of the heart at the mention of their friends' names. Their names! They are like a strain of familiar music which one, in vain, endeavors to locate—no faces answer to them. Do n't for this write your parents heartless; do n't call them fickle, inconstant. Their early friendships were born when the minds and characters engaged were unformed. Their tastes in other respects are changed; why deny them the right of change here? The books over which they then wept and laughed are now recognized as puerile; the colors which then delighted them are now distasteful; the same music, painting, and flowers no longer please them; and I hold that they have a right to change their friends.

I do not deny that a friendship formed in boyhood may continue to the grave. But, in such a case, I believe it will always be found that the parties had frequent intercourse in youth, by which period early manhood or womanhood is meant to be designated. I say frequent intercourse in *youth*, and I mean it. A friendship can no more spring up in old age than a seed can germinate in an ice-house. Therefore, when the gray-haired man, but recently a stranger, calls you friend, accept the profession with a limitation. He loves you, perhaps, as he loves any thing with youth and freshness; as he loves the young Spring with tender leaf and unfolding flower; as he loves the young lambs and birds, and any thing that calls back his youth. He feels a kindly interest in you; would save you from sorrow; would give you his benediction; but friendship, stronger than the everlasting hills, which links soul with soul, he feels it for none except, perhaps, some gray-haired companion of his younger life. The seed of friendship must have the heat of youth before it can germinate.

Men talk of the exercise of judgment in the choice of a friend, and exhort the young in a heartless kind of a way as though a horse was the subject. If men should travel about examining each other in the critical manner recommended, there would be no such thing as friend-

ship in this world of ours. The truth of the matter is this: In forming our friendships, reason and judgment are not, it is true, ignored, much less defied, or the feeling would abide but for a day; but judgment, instead of being eagle-eyed to detect blemishes and frailties, looks through a veil which youthful enthusiasm and passion hold before her. And it is well so, for there is no man so great but he has weaknesses sufficient to disgust us, if we knew him as well as one man may know another. By the time that the judgment, with the death of enthusiasm, has grown cool and critical, we have formed the habit of loving our friend, and of confiding in his worth. We go through life judging him as a second self. No mortal man could make us credit the existence of those blemishes in his character which are so marked to others—hence every body wonders at every other body's choice of a friend.

And now you perceive how I account for the rarity of friendships. Those of our school-days endure not because formed when character and judgment are immature and most fallible. They are like the fair shoots which start up some sunny day in early Spring, to be cut down in a night by the sharp frost. To the formation of an enduring friendship, the enthusiasm and warmth of youth are essential; but this period is generally spent selfishly—in getting "settled in life," a process which most frequently necessitates a change of residence and a breaking up of old associations. Settled in life, the cares of business, or of a married life, leave little time for social intercourse beyond ordinary neighborly civilities. It has always seemed to me that young married people are preëminently selfish; that the cry of the heart for friends is stifled in marriage, and that friendships are rarely formed after that period.

The conventionalities of our social life have a hampering effect on the growth of friendship. Any strong affection germinates more readily when such restraints are removed. We see and hear in the present day of few such friendships as those to which an earlier and ruder age gave abundant rise. Mutual dangers, mutual hardships will make men friends when common joys and prosperity fail. Hence the strength of the tie which binds soldiers together.

Then I believe there is nothing about which we are so careless and prodigal as friendship. We throw away friends. We can all remember instances in which we have by neglect and indifference allowed that to perish which promised a fair friendship. Occasions rise to our memory in which by an effort, scarcely an effort, we might have secured a friend; and who shall

number those whom a hasty word or a careless speech has estranged?

I have said that the enthusiasm of early manhood is necessary to the formation of a friendship, but this, of course, is not all. There must be between the parties some degree of equality. Equality in externals is not, of course, here meant, though, I believe, other things being equal, those friendships are the most lasting where there is between the parties an equality in birth, age, social standing, and wealth. These minors being equal, fruitful sources of jealousy, envy, and suspicion are removed. You will not suspect a man of patronizing you or of seeking to profit by your influence if you and he stand on the same level. There need be no unrequited favors between you—no feeling of indebtedness—things upon which true friendship seldom fattens. My meaning was, that there must be an equality of intellect, and character, and culture. One of the parties must not be so far above the other as to be out of his reach; there must be contact. It is impossible for man to have a friendship for an angel. He could as easily love a moon-beam. An angel nature is a complete harmony—a perfect circle to which man's nature must ever be a tangent. God, knowing this want of the human heart, gave us Christ with a nature like our own, thus rendering obedience to the first commandment a possible thing.

But while to the formation a degree of equality is requisite, a difference is also demanded. There must be the acid and the alkali before the perfect union is obtained. There must exist in each character strong and weak points—angles and sinuosities which fit into each other, before the souls are knit together. Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," pleads this want of the heart as an excuse for the line, written in reference to his friend, Arthur Hallam,

"More than my brothers are to me."

He says to his brother,

"But thou and I are one in kind,
As molded like in nature's mint;
And hill, and wood, and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

And so thy wealth resembles mine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine."

It follows from what has been said on the subject of equality, that frailties in character are not only compatible with friendship, but necessary to it—a fortunate arrangement, since all men are frail. He, therefore, who demands perfection must go friendless. And it is no contradiction of the above to say that esteem is one

of the chief ingredients in a true friendship. Frailty does not preclude the existence of esteem, but the strong points of character must overbalance the weak. We can admire a book with a blemish on every page provided there are great thoughts between.

But though friendship may flourish in spite of human weakness, with the first knowledge of a meanness in the object, the feeling is dead and under the sod beyond all hope of a resurrection. There may be *honor* among thieves and liars, but this rarest and purest flower of the human heart can no more bloom in such an atmosphere than a naked light can live in the heart of the foulest coal-bed that miners ever uncovered. From this the inference is natural that friendship can have no existence except between virtuous spirits.

There are few things in this world sadder than a broken friendship. Some of you, my dear readers, have been called to mourn friends between whom and you Death stands; others of you, perchance, feel to-night a tender yearning toward those whom misunderstandings have driven from you; or it may be that you have known the bitterness of looking into a face once loved and trusted, and finding it changed from yesterday in every lineament and feature—written all over with guilt. I knew a gray-haired man fall asleep with a prayer in his heart for the friend of his youth, and awake to find that friend a villain. Words can not paint the sorrow of that poor bankrupt, yet to such a sorrow are we all liable who love the human—so uncertain is our poor nature.

But there is a Friend more tender than all the tender mothers since Eve, more true than the moon to her star-illuminated path. He betrayeth not the trust of the poorest heart, nor disappointeth the most exacting spirit. Learn, O man, the name of this Friend. Write it on your heart—engrave it on the palms of your hands, The Lord Jehovah, the everlasting God; this is his name.

Now let me tell you a secret, a secret worth knowing. This looking forward to enjoyment does not pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

"GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD."

IN the silence of an old cathedral,
Where child voices chant the vesper hymn,
Swings a silver lamp, whose softened luster
Lights a little chapel, still and dim,
Where, half hid behind the massive columns,
Stand the marble saint and cherubim.

Never there God's blessed sunlight creepeth
Over fretted roof and frescoed wail.
And the moon, with white and loving fingers,
Never lifts the veil that covers all,
But on sculptured saint, on cross and altar,
Evermore the rays of lamplight fall.

Evermore the perfumed censer swingeth,
Scattering morning's earliest blush of red,
Where the dust, and damp, and shadow clingeth,
And its tenderest, softest glow is shed
On a picture where the Savior bringeth
To his chosen ones the wine and bread.

He whom Jesus held upon his bosom—
He whose kiss betrayed, alike were there,
And angels, whose white faces in the cloud-land,
Hushed with their presence all the upper air,
Till kneeling hearts, adoring in the radiance,
Bent lower for that one sweet gleam—in prayer.

And praying, sobbed, O great Soul, calmly taking
Into thine own all mortal sin and strife,
Who, in thy hand, that Heart of thine art breaking,
With all the burden of our anguish rife,
Give us, who know the fear of thy forsaking,
Give us our portion of the bread of life ;

The bread that will not let us faint or falter
In thine own way, howe'er our spirits shrink ;
Let the same hand that led us to thine altar
Lead onward, till we stand upon the brink
Of that deep stream, whose waters cleanse us wholly,
And where thou givest us the wine to drink ;

The red wine of thy love, and hope, and faith,
That, overflowing in a crimson flood,
Swept over all the wastes of sin and death,
A great tide welling from the heart of God,
That ebb'd, and flow'd, and to his feet swept back
A world's heart cleansed in blood.

It is not for these first disciples only
The table of thy bounty has been spread ;
We know we need not hunger in the desert,
Thou keepest even for us the wine and bread ;
And through the holy place in each heart's temple
The changeless luster of thy face is shed.

And not alone for one of old beloved
Was it to lay his head upon thy breast ;
Even to-day, O gatherer to thy bosom,
The hearts that only there can find their rest ;
And say again, "To whom is much forgiven,
Shall it be given to love and serve thee best."

Feed, strengthen, guide, O Christ, serene and tender !
Fill full our lives from out the life divine !

Still let the light beam on forever clearly,
In hearts that reach up through the dark to thine,
That eat the bread and drink the living water,
And dwell within the temple near the shrine.

THE HILLS.

THE hills ! the everlasting hills !
The seat of strength and power—
Courage and freedom, faith and truth,
For aye their noble dower.

Our own dear mountains lift their heads
Until they reach the heaven,
And since they were baptized in blood
New power to them is given.

How do brave Scotia's storied heights
Our hearts like drum-beats move !
And hills where hunted Christians hid
Command our rev'rent love.

But all the mountain lore we find
In God's beloved Word,
Holds first and closest loyal hearts,
Which all that love have heard.

O, mountain names, ye stir the soul,
Ye make the eyes o'erflow,
August and sacred mysteries
Your awful summits know !

The bush on Horeb unconsumed
That Moses turned to see ;
Hermion's sweet, love-like dew, and O
The dew of Calvary !

The mountain-tops are holy ground,
By feet of angels trod ;
And there have faithful, favored men
Stood face to face with God.

Upon a mountain God came down
In clouds, and smoke, and flame,
While rolling thunders loud proclaimed
The Lord Jehovah's name.

Upon a mountain Moses died,
Sustained by God's own hand,
Who made his servant's secret grave
In Moab's lonely land.

And on a mountain Christ the Lord
Bore all the curse of sin,
And opened wide the heavenly gates,
That man might enter in.

Then from the brow of Olivet
Ascended up on high,
When he had spoiled the grave and led
Captive captivity.

Now from the high, eternal hills,
And from the Father's throne,
With changeless love and tenderest care,
He watches o'er his own.

O, mighty hills ! O holy hills !
Piercing the azure sky,
Emblems are ye of hope and faith,
And immortality.

HOME AND COLLEGE.*

TO the pages of the Repository the eyes of young ladies turn for advice and instruction, and to the "Queen of Monthlies" mothers look for information and assistance. May it not be added that fathers and sons have come to look upon these pages as containing food convenient for them? What can be more interesting to parents than suggestions concerning the wellbeing of their children? and what can be more important to young people than instruction concerning their education? In reading the little book whose title is given above, I thought I might confer a real benefit upon the readers of the Repository by giving them some of the thoughts therein expressed, coupled with such reflections as may seem to be pertinent to the subject in hand. In so doing I shall use as much of the author's language as I may deem necessary to my purpose.

The young people of to-day are not educated as were those of fifty years ago, for then parents did the teaching, but now the college president stands *in loco parentis*. Whether for good or for evil we must accept this state of affairs, and endeavor to make the best of it. These are times when children—especially in the cities—are let loose into the street, or into company before their principles can be formed, and when nearly every evening is given up to public excitement, and the reserved life of the household is merged in the promiscuous eating tables, vulgarizing mixtures, and caravansary encampments of boarding hotels. Where would New England have been to-day if our fathers had boarded out? or had gone five nights a week to theater and ball-rooms, with, perhaps, a sacred concert, and lecture on woman's rights for the other two? In these days we have colleges, either in name or in fact, all over our land, and these are filled with our children, ranging from ten to twenty-five years of age—the majority of them under eighteen. There are serious objections against college life, for it is a life somewhat exceptional and unsheltered, but there are, also, many advantages connected with it. It is said to bring out self-reliance, balance, energy, tact, address; to break up inveterate and faulty habits in manner and temper; to rub off cobwebs, smooth down angles, and to do certain things for young people by way of polishing them. An eminent English scholar represents a conceited young lord as having an obstinate mass of inherited arrogance and home-bred non-

sense taken out of him on his first arrival at Eton by two timely kicks from the son of a commoner, received on the ball ground. Even in democratic America such a striking and forcible education might in some cases work well.

The college is too often made the receptacle of those who have made home unpleasant by their waywardness and insubordination. Almost invariably the parents of such boys and girls insist that the college government shall be parental, and that the president shall be a father to those under his care. This is to make the institution not only a charity school, but a foundling hospital. Such a division of labor leaves the actual parent only the right to indulge the child, and assigns to the faculty the uncomfortable necessity of punishment. Parents frequently look to their children and to the college to achieve a result which their own mistakes have practically prohibited in advance; or to correct faults which their own neglect has ineradicably planted; or else to prune off excrescences which their own bad temper or taste has bound fast upon the child—the curse of collegiate and all after days. Most teachers can soon tell from what kind of homes their pupils have come. Poisonous growths have their beginning usually very near the cradle—by the portals of that Land of Life where the Ebal and Gerizim of cursing and blessing stand side by side. They are in the infantile encouragements of inborn depravities. They are in the senseless gratifications of sensual importunity; in the sweetmeats and confections of the nursery; in the nibblings and sippings tolerated by weak or reckless parents, or by untaught domestics; in all that apparatus and commissary of luxury which prevent the primal ordinations of nature in the body—heat the blood and corrupt its juices, dull the digestion and quicken the palate—loosen the muscles and invigorate the lusts—disincline to action but instigate to pleasure. Late hours, bad company, mornings of headache, dull recitations, long absence lists, declining scholarship, complications in crime, broken health, a blasted life—this is a catalogue of evils which has its explanation, not on college premises, but in the houses from which the college draws its mixed assemblages.

But there are dangers connected with college life, however well the home-training may have been done. At this time hundreds of our young men and women, feeling themselves too poor to pay board bills, rent rooms and board themselves. The motive is good, and such efforts are praiseworthy but full of danger. In such cases the quantity of food eaten is proportioned to the inclination to prepare it, and the quality

*Home and College. By F. D. Huntingdon. Crosby & Nichols, Boston, 1860.

to the cleanly habits of the one preparing it. Sometimes too much is eaten; oftener too little. Sometimes it is well prepared; oftener not. Carelessness in ventilating the room, in keeping the rooms and clothes clean, in caring for wet feet and garments, results in sickness and death. Too frequently the room is a mere shell, and can not be made warm in the Winter or cool in the Summer, and thus disease is engendered. Besides this the rooms are frequently removed from the dwellings of others, and from the eye of the teachers, and hence can easily become the resort of the idle and the vicious. If students can board where they will be under the rules of a well-regulated household, and where their health and morals will be cared for, and where the associations can be guarded, then more than half the danger is over. There are some students, however, who do well under the most adverse circumstances, and in spite of discouragements. There is still another evil attaching to some colleges. We put our students too much on the race, not that they may attain a common good, but that they may outstrip each other. To be wise, to be strong, to be masters of life, wielders of bright weapons against all ignorance and wrong—this is not the aim—but the poor complacency of looking back on the rest. Prior once proposed a system of early education by having sweet-cakes cut out in the shape of letters, the child to eat a letter as soon as he had learned it, and so on till he had devoured and digested this baked alphabet. One is reminded of this philosophy of compound nourishment when he sees students made to believe that the only purpose of learning is to be fattened, whether on cake, money, or compliments. Instead of this, suppose the student be taught that the grand object of an education is usefulness to society and the service of God—is to learn to contribute the most possible to the welfare of men—to teach others how to live honorably here and gloriously hereafter—

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more."

Probably less anxiety about roots and radicals, texts and terms, and more about preparation for the coming future would make students wiser and more useful. In some colleges, while due care is taken of the mental faculties, great care is taken of the morals, and the result is, scores of souls are annually converted to God. Such institutions deserve to be patronized by Christians, for they are certainly blessed of the Lord. In all cases the Christian home and the Christian college should be united. Education

may there train, not portions and fragments of our nature, but the whole character and life of man. Then learning may be humane, labor enlightened, commerce disinterested, art pure, the Church catholic, and the republic the kingdom of Christ.

While parents have a right to demand that their sons and daughters shall be educated at the college in mind and body, they must remember that there is no fence about a literary institution to bar out the transgressions of human kind. There is no sieve to winnow away the fostered iniquities of the candidates who come in. It is no Delos of inevitable peace. Students will bring the unfeeling temper that bad control has packed in their hearts, as surely as the raiment that parental providence has packed in their trunks. They will find some foolish fashions, half inhumanity and half fun, the mixed heir-loom of spite and sport all ready to their hands. Whether they shall disown the barbarous inheritance; whether they shall reject the petty tyranny and keep the harmless frolic; whether, if they be sons, they shall be bullies, and boors, or pugilists on the play-ground, or gentlemen every-where; or, if they be daughters, whether they shall be giddy, and pert, and vain, and indolent, or ladies every-where and always; whether they shall count their associates' feelings as sacred, and as deserving to be delicately heeded, and their sensibilities to be as scrupulously respected as any rights of purse or rank; whether they shall magnanimously mark every sensitive nature, or sensitive spot in a harder nature, so as not to torture, but to encourage, and reassure, and comfort it; in short, whether they shall play the part of malevolence or mercy, Christ's disciples or devil's followers; do you not believe this is all to be chiefly decided before they ever take the first class-mate by the hand? Well has Tupper said:

"Scratch the green rind of the sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for years to come;
Even so may 'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the massings of evil,
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions."

In order, then, that the college be what it should be, the home must first be right. We would all love to keep our children under our eye, but this may not be, and we must try to make the place where we send them what we desire it to be. From a Christian home to a Christian college is no great remove, and the change can not be fraught with more evil than good. Would the parents who read these pages listen a moment I would say, as one who knows

whereof he affirms, that the college will develop the home teachings, and it may, in some cases, correct the wrong and lead to a better life. Let Christian parents give their children to God and the Church in early life, and then the subsequent education will be but the leading out of the motives and purposes formed in the sacred circle of home. Even the old Romans had a touching superstitious way of holding the face of the new-born infant upward to the heavens, signifying, by thus presenting the forehead to the stars, that it was taught to look above the world into glories celestial. The goddess that was supposed to preside over this aspiring ceremony was named from a word which means "to raise aloft." A superstition it was then, but Christianity, dispelling the fable and the doubt, gives us the clear realization of the dim pagan yearning in a Christian baptism and the training of the fold. Shall not Christian parents so give their children to God that in early life they may look above the mere pleasures of earth to the undying beauties beyond? If the young men and maidens who read these lines would listen, I would tell them that, not to the college must they look for future happiness or fame. The college may be a help, but the future character is now forming, and college life can only develop it.

Home and college! What emotions stir the soul at the utterance of these words! The first means the dearest spot on earth; the second the place where home instructions blossom and bear fruit, and whence the young lady or gentleman goes into the world of conflict and, perchance, of conquest. Would God these two places might be united by religious bonds, and that from the home there might go to the college young people full of faith, and trust, and love, and sanctified ambition. Let these two grand instrumentalities for the world's salvation but plight their vows, and standing before the holy altar it shall be pronounced, "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder!"

I TAKE it to be true of the intellectual creation that it profits not a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul. Let not, therefore, philosophy take up our life, so as not to leave us leisure to prepare for death. We may visit Athens, but we must dwell at Jerusalem; we may take some turns on Parnassus, but should more frequent Mount Calvary; and we must never so busy ourselves about the many things as to forget the "one thing needful," that good part which shall not be taken away from us.

IN WITTENBERG.

AMONG the plans which I was cherishing toward the close of the last year, was one of celebrating the natal day of the Savior in this world-renowned place, kindling with its sacred associations and natural inspiration a new glow of gratitude to God for the unspeakable gift of his Son. Four Methodist ministers from Berlin, Rev. C. W. Bennett and Prof. Hudson, of Western New York, Professors F. H. Newhall and W. N. Rice, of the Wesleyan University, were to meet Rev. I. Gibbard, also from Western New York, and myself, coming from Halle, at that ancient center of study and thought, of religious and reformatory influence. Is it not a sweet and precious sign of the essential unity which flows through the invisible Church of Christ in all ages, that six clergymen from a country thousands of miles away, members of a denomination which Luther and Melancthon never knew, could think of no more touching and appropriate way of keeping the most sacred of birthdays than by visiting the spot where those heroes of the common faith lived, studied, wrote, toiled, and endured their trials for the ransomed Church of God? Could they have appeared among us, I think they, too, would scarcely have desired more congenial company than these representatives of a new and most potent branch of the militant Church.

This fine plan, like so many others, was destined to alteration. Vesuvius was in great activity, and thus presented attractions which so enthusiastic a physicist as Professor Rice could not resist. On the thirtieth of December the rest of the party executed their design. In one respect we had lost by our delay. Christmas was one of those rarely mild and beautiful days which seem suited and possible only to Italian wintry skies, and which take good care not to visit Germany or any other northern clime too often. The atmosphere was soft and the clear sunbeams as warm as if they had melted their way through the deep shimmering haze of an Indian Summer. At this season Milton says of nature,

"Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly vail of maiden white to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities."

But this year either guilty nature had not been urgent enough in its wooing, or the gentle air was behindhand with her snowy answer. On the day of our visit, however, the desired snow

was coming, and as if ashamed of its tardiness, was coming with all the fury of which a German snow-storm is capable. Such storms here are apt to lack that extreme vivacity of motion which in America makes it so pleasant to watch from the warm shelter of a comfortable room, the mystic dance of the flakes as they are shaken down from the impenetrable sky. It often seems as though the clouds gave up their pearly treasures unwillingly, mastered by some unknown violence, and sent forth the winds in a furious but ineffectual effort to snatch them back again to their aerial birthplace, keeping them thus in a fantastical gyration between the heaven that would not lose them and the earth which patiently waits for them to spread their dead, white silence over all her deformities. The snow here very often descends with a gradual but direct motion, that gives it an air of stealth and haste which I have noticed in nothing else except the sad lapse of ash leaves in the mournful stillness of a moist and perfectly calm Autumnal day. This peculiar motion had impressed itself on Dante's fancy, and he reproduces it in the *Inferno*, with that extreme exactness which is so remarkable a trait of his marvelous style. In *Canto xiv* he saw people supine upon an awful desert, where

"Over all the sand-waste, with a gradual fall,
Were raining down dilated flakes of fire,
As of the snow on Alp without a wind."

Thanks to Mr. Longfellow that it is now possible to quote Dante, in our own tongue, without being too painfully reminded of the inevitable loss which attends the transfer of a great poem from its native speech to a foreign one.

But I am getting entangled with poets and their fancies instead of going straight to Wittenberg. Perhaps this will not be thought a bad exchange for the dull details of our ride, between the hours of seven and ten in the morning, from Halle thither. The principal features of this were all disagreeable; a fireless coupe, glimpses of snow-clad towns, more than the usual proportion of gloomy pine forest in a German landscape, and a tipsy fellow-passenger who boasted his atheism, and confessed himself a drunkard and glutton. We were glad enough to see the small station with its welcome name, Wittenberg, and to leave our petty discomforts for the open though snowy air. Not finding our expected friends at the depot, we set off for the Adler Gasthof, our appointed rendezvous. This city not having enlarged but rather diminished its population since the era of railways, still keeps its ancient walls, as finding comfortable room for all her children within them. Approaching the gate we notice on our

right a young oak surrounded by a high fence, inside which bushes and dead stalks of last Summer's flowers are standing up through the snow, while outside are benches and a small flower garden. On this spot Luther burned the Papal bull. Telling Dr. Tholuck that I had been to Wittenberg, he asked whether I saw any ashes of the Pope's burnt bull under the tree, and on my answering no, he replied that some were commonly kept there to aid the imagination of travelers. The spot is such as to have favored the assembling of the thronging multitudes to witness the Reformer's daring act. And it was no deed of mere bravado, but rather one of true and high courage. The period had nearly passed in Germany when disobedience to Papal mandates drew in its train sure and mortal civil penalties. But there still lived in the souls of thousands a vague fear of the spiritual potency of ecclesiastical maledictions. It was important that he who had doubted the infallibility of Rome should attract all her curses upon his own head, and thus show what ineffectual nightmares they were. The burning of the Pope's bull accomplished this object.

We pass through the low, thick portal, wend crookedly to the left, and then find ourselves in the principal street of the city. This is nearly a mile long, and all the objects of our curiosity are on it. Still on the way to the Adler we notice Melancthon's house, but leave it till our return; we also pass the University without knowing it. Arriving at the inn we find the looked-for friends prosaically eating a late breakfast. A half dozen Scotch people and two or three Chicago girls are with them, so that altogether we make up a large company. We order dinner, procure a guide, and set forth. We retrace our steps till we come to the Augusteum, or ancient domicile of the Augustine monks, to whose fraternity Luther belonged. It is three stories high, gray with mortar and age, and has two rows of windows set in its long withdrawing roof that look down at you not unlike magnified human eyes. On the opposite side of the court stands the abode of the Reformer. Before climbing up the stairs the guide points out a curiously wrought door-casing, done in stone, and says that Mrs. Luther had this set into its place during her husband's absence as a surprise gift for him on his return. We enter and go up to the second floor. The stairs are old, the ante-room bleak and gloomy, and as fast as possible we press into the rooms of Luther. These are two; one large and the other small, but both high. The larger one is where he worked and lived with his tender-eyed wife. The thick walls furnish spacious window-seats.

Beside one of these stands an odd-looking seat which he used in his studies. It is narrow and plain. I thought at first that a man of Luther's size would hardly find it roomy enough, but when the largest of our party sat down in it, my doubts vanished. The guide declared that Luther and Catherine used to sit together in its arms. I dislike to doubt even a guide's strict veracity, but I think pretty Catherine must have been on her husband's knee or in his arms when they accomplished that feat.

The floor is very old. Its softer portions having been worn away, the tougher knots stand out very prominently. In one corner is a huge stove, such as would heat a church in America; here they are not yet used for such purposes. This stove was made in Eisenach, and was a gift from its citizens to the great preacher. On it are figures of the four evangelists and other ornaments. Some beautifully executed mass-books attract the eye, though what they are doing here nobody can tell. The heavy table is a relic of Reformation days, and you can easily fancy a noble group of the good and great men of those times leaning over it in deep and earnest conversation. Ah, if it could only speak! On the walls hang portraits of Luther and a colored cast of his face taken after death. It is a pity that there is no portrait of Catherine, his gentle and beloved wife. Here, as at Eisenach, is a huge mug whence he quaffed his beer. One might easily suppose that he was a greedy drinker as he looks at these, and such an idea has a seeming confirmation in the well-known couplet:

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

Of this and many other sins the charitable Catholics have made no scruple to accuse him. Dr. Tholuck, who knows the story of those times and men as few know it, brands this as pure falsehood. When we consider what a diligent toiler, in so many various ways, the Reformer was, we shall hardly find it possible that it should have been otherwise. The autograph of Peter the Great, carefully protected by glass, is the only other relic in this room, and is an object of nearly as much interest as any thing else here. In the sleeping-room there are samplers wrought by the hands of Catherine, autographs of Luther, and other petty articles in a sort of secretary. And this is all there is to see. The rest of the rooms on this floor are vacant and dull. Below there is an evangelical seminary. The university was transferred to Halle just fifty years ago and united with another there. One feels a natural regret that such a change should have occurred, but the

vicinity of Berlin, Halle, and Leipsic universities made the step desirable, and as the Wittenberg professors were all diminutive, they and the institution were removed. We pass out and listen for a moment to the plash of the little fountain in the court, where Luther must have often quenched his thirst and been pleased, as we are now, while he

"Heard its low liquid singing,
Heard it bubble and run,"

and then we enter the street again.

We are taking the same walk in the snowy street which Luther himself once took under very different circumstances. As we go along I seem to see the stout form of that courageous servant of God moving on before me. I think how wonderfully God raises up and trains those by whose fidelity he will break the chains of ancient error, and open anew for the world long-sealed fountains of truths. I had seen in the beautiful but forsaken palace of Augustus the Strong, in the Grosser-Garten at Dresden, a little paper which bore the seal and sign manual of one John Tetzel. It was one of those little certificates of pardon which he was hawking about these realms in those long-departed days. The poor people, then as now, feeling themselves sinners, were glad to take any reasonable pains in securing themselves against the future and fearful retribution of their sins. How precisely adapted to their needs was the proposed money-purchase of forgiveness and heaven! No need further of dismal repentance and anxious discharge of enjoined penances, or of the more difficult watch against daily temptation to sin. How easy and how pious to buy with a little paltry money the release of departed friends from the sadly tedious purifications of purgatory! It is easy now to wonder at all this, and it is hard to believe that people ever could be found who thought it true. The cupidity of the Church dignitaries, the brazen effrontery of their tools, the simplicity of their victims, all seem more like the hideous phantasma of a feverish dream than sober historical facts. There were people enough in Europe then who knew the folly and wickedness of this scandalous trade in pardon; enough who knew how vain such certificates of pardon would appear in the white light of the last day; enough who felt uneasy in their souls as they thought of their personal responsibility for keeping silence on such abominations. But there was one man who had vainly sought peace for his conscience with God in all the methods prescribed by the Church; one man who had come to God through Christ, and, without the aid of priest or sacrament, had found the peace that passeth

understanding; one man who saw, and could not help seeing, that the entire traffic was a daring swindle played off for filthy lucre on pious credulity and fear. And before the bar of conscience this man was summoned to say whether he would hide or show his heaven-given light. He has weighed the subject well, for it is no light matter to defy the princes of the Papacy; and there is no guiding light visible on earth, gross darkness being on the people. Only in heaven is there light to shine cheerfully on his perilous pathway. But his mind is made up, his theses are written, and he has come forth to nail them up where all the world may read. His heart gives a great throb at every step, for though this walk may lead to the stake, here is one man who loves truth more than life. One easily fancies himself humming, as he nails up the theses, his own valiant words:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A good defense and weapon."

But while we are musing thus, we have completed the walk and stand facing the doors of the Schloss Kirche. It was here that the famous theses were resolutely nailed up, but not on this very door where so fine a copy of them stands. The French burned a former copy, and with it the ancient doors. These are of bronze, and are a gift from the Prussian Crown. The snow has blurred the theses into temporary indistinctness, and so we do not tarry to read them as we should be glad to do. In the church, we notice its long, narrow, and high aspect, with its ends rounding off like those of an ellipse. It looks clean and well kept. In the middle of the church, and near the door, are the graves of Melancthon and his greater friend. Standing in the middle of the central aisle, just where it is intersected by that which comes from the door, as you face the altar, Luther's grave will be on your right, Melancthon's on your left. Large slabs of marble tell in few words who slumber beneath them. The church is not remarkable in itself. We step into the chancel, and think Luther was often here; we ascend the pulpit and hear the guide declare that there Melancthon once became confused in the midst of his sermon, and was forced to break off abruptly. But, after all, the center of attraction is by the two graves. We go back and talk about them, linger at them, and finally go out unwillingly. The church is open every Sunday for divine worship, and, the guide assures us, is thronged. We return to the Market-place and curiously examine the statues of the immortal dead, as they stand together there. These are of bronze, and are quite characteris-

tic. Both are represented in their academical robes. Luther's features are roughly kind in their expression. On the pedestals are several of his pregnant sayings, as, "If it be God's work it will stand; if it be man's work it will perish;" "Our God is a strong tower," etc. On the pedestal of Melancthon's statue, we only find citations of Holy Writ which the snow has frosted over. The head of Melancthon is fine and massive. Most of the pictures of him are devoid of expression, but there is a drawing in the Royal Library, at Berlin, wherein his face shows great vivacity and force. It is by Cranach. The statues have their backs turned on the large Rathhaus. This has nothing noticeable in it except that it has a total want of notable things.

Our guide has now left us, and we return to the Adler to dine. The dinner is tolerable, and the talk with old friends and about old times and mutual acquaintances delicious. Our time grows short, and yet we have not seen Melancthon's house. We hasten to it and are admitted by a woman whose face, bound up, suggests the toothache. She kindly shows us all there is to see, and waits patiently while we talk, make notes, and muse. On the northern side the room has several large windows, and, sitting by them, Melancthon, a true child of the light, loved to study. Between two windows a Latin inscription affirms that, sitting there with his face to the north, he composed writings now possessed by most of the world. It might have been in this very room that, as D'Aubigne says, the Reformation first had a home, a social fire-side of its own. It was here, perhaps, that one of his learned friends came in and, finding him rocking a cradle with one hand, and holding a Greek grammar in the other, was notified by Philip that matrimony is not a bad aid to study. There is another Latin inscription which invites you to "pause where stood the bed by the wall, in which that reverend man, Philip Melancthon, piously and placidly expired." I willingly obey, and feel a disposition to put off my shoes in this sacred place.

Melancthon was both fortunate and unfortunate in being so long and intimately associated with Luther. He needed the stimulus of such a courageous and large-hearted friend for his own good. His influence on the intellectual character of the Lutheran Church, and his labors as a translator of the Scriptures were invaluable. He was the thinker of the movement, and set the stamp of his own broad catholic spirit on its theology. At first, borne away in the current of Calvin's influence, he taught the stern fatalism of the great Genevan in the earlier

editions of his famous *Commonplaces of Theology*. Riper study and deeper insight corrected these dangerous views, and his frankness was shown by the complete withdrawal of those dogmas from the later editions of that work. Surely the man who saved Germany from the errors of Calvinism was a mind of high order. Well does he deserve respectful treatment from the theological sons of Arminius.

The splendid personal qualities of Luther have won him a brighter fame than his friend's. There is, perhaps, no more striking example of the superiority of character to great acquirements than this. In subtilty of mind, extent of learning and patience, Melancthon was doubtless superior to the other. But Luther was much more in sympathy with his time. He had also the gift of setting his valiant thoughts in sonorous hymns. Besides this was his rare art of coining his brave ideas and witty fancies into striking proverbs—the ready money of popular thinking. Now he who is always on the lips of men in proverb or song can never be far from their hearts. Luther is alive all over Germany to-day, and Melancthon is remembered chiefly as his friend. We would fain linger, but we know that the cars will not. We take our leave, and are surprised by a new miracle. Our kind and attentive guide will receive no money for her trouble. She assigns no cause for this strange course. It may be that her reverence for the ancient occupant of her dwelling, whose fame has drawn us hither, makes it seem sacrilegious to accept fees from her visitors; or it may be that our being from America, a charmed word for many here, has staid her hunger for money. Only one other instance of this kind have I met in Germany. Another woman opened the gates of a churchyard in Berlin, after they had been shut for the night, and led me to the graves of Neander and Mendelssohn. She seemed glad to welcome a visitor from so far, and could not be induced to take a groschen. Usually such guides have a sharper scent for travelers' coin than a musketo for blood. These two plain women had certainly some touches of feeling in them finer than common. We descend and make for the depot.

As we go onward I think of another notable man who, about a hundred and twenty years ago, had a kind of irregular residence here. A worthy Saxon pastor had sent his son hither in the vain hope of preparing him for some profitable vocation. I should be glad to visit the rooms which Lessing occupied here while trying to study medicine, and really studying literature and life. But neither the guide-book nor any

thing else will furnish a hint, and I am forced to omit this satisfaction. This part of Lessing's life was not very pleasant to himself, and it is no wonder that he seldom referred to it at a later period. Still the footsteps of genius are always sacred. I would give not a little to know where Lessing lived, what he did, what he thought, and how his intellectual development was advanced here. For Lessing, too, was one of those stalwart souls whose divine mission is to leave the world other than they find it, and whose human responsibility it is to leave it better for their presence. It is easy enough to perceive very early in his career the elements of the great scholar and thinker, and the promises of the great writer in him, but we search in vain for any token of earnest religious feeling, or of germinating spiritual life. The condition of the German Universities was then no worse than that of the English at the period when, twenty years earlier, the Wesleys resided in Oxford. They had what Lessing lacked, parents whose piety was profound. The mother of the latter, though anxious for the morals of her son, was not by far such a woman as the heavenly Susannah. That Lessing was a true child of his time is clear enough, but it is equally clear that neither Luther, Wesley, nor any other who has turned many to righteousness, were properly the children of their times. He who has clearly solved the problem why these men in the darkest periods, and under the most adverse circumstances, became so deeply Christian in character, in thought, and in influence, will not fall into the mistake of saying with Selden, "It is a vain thing to talk of a heretic, for a man can not for his heart think any otherwise than he does think." For this really implies two things: first, that a man's character has no influence on his opinions, and, second, that character is the product of a man's circumstances rather than of his personality; two theses which it were hard, indeed, to maintain. No word should be spoken in detraction from the manifold and noble gifts of this naturally sincere man. His services to the literature of the father-land have justly given him an enduring fame; gladly would we add that with this the higher glory of profound piety was united, but it was not.

We are musing long over these men, and yet we should care little for the town but for them. Their magnetic names drew our feet hither, and render it hard for them to depart. It would be sad, indeed, if we should fail to recognize that the grace of God made these Reformers great, or that duty done at all hazards is the only straight road to true fame and real peace. This

especially is the grand lesson of Luther's life; thus he became

"A name Earth wears forever next her heart;
One of the few that have a right to rank
With the true Makers; for his spirit wrought
Order from Chaos; proved that right divine
Dwelt only in the excellence of Truth;
And far within old Darkness' hostile lines
Advanced and pitched the shining tents of Light."

"ME AND MINE."

NOW I am not about to enter into a German metaphysical disquisition upon "*the me*," nor to give a legal definition of the word *mine*; neither shall I favor you with an "inventory of my effects, dues, and demands;" nor do I intend this as an autobiographical sketch. No, in my title I have no reference to *this* me that has been the object of so many unpleasant transitive verbs in their various moods and tenses, and of so few pleasant ones; to this me to which I have applied not a few of the vigorous, unfavorable adjectives. Whether you would or would not be interested to know what actions have terminated on *me* as their object, and what words have been added to me expressive of quality; I will not now thus interest you. Nor shall I speak subjectively of myself, and tell what *I* have done, been, and suffered. I might be tempted to do this could I boast of noble achievements, of great victories. I have met, it is true, many a terrible foe, but I can give no Cæsarian record of the conflict, no "*veni, vidi, vici*," it has too often been *veni, vidi, victus sum*. In fact, I have done but little, been but little, suffered *much*.

Egotistical as this title may appear, I do not so mean it; when I ask, for instance, what ought I to think of myself? I mean what ought any one to think of himself? . . . What opinion should I have of myself? Why, a good one, of course, and *should deserve it*. We need not, in order to evince our humility, apply to ourselves all degrading epithets, calling ourselves "worms of the dust," singing, "I am vile, conceived in sin," etc. We have no business to be vile, though conceived in sin, since there has been "a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness;" no business to be "worms of the dust;" man was made erect, nor after his fall was his the serpent's curse to go on his belly and eat the dust. If we would cultivate true humility let us think of God; however bright and shining lights we may be, we must needs then be humble. Humboldt says that "Drummond's most dazzling light forms a black spot when projected on the sun's disk."

An old French writer says that in some countries, in order to "express their disparity to their king, his subjects present themselves before him in their vilest habits, and entering his palace, throw some old tattered garment over their better apparel, to the end that all the luster and ornament may be in him." Thus some people seem to approach the King of kings, with self-depreciation and even false self-accusation, fancying that thus they are humbling themselves before him. Now I believe that this is all wrong. God would have us come to him *just as we are*; and there is no need of our throwing over us a vile garment or a tattered robe to express our disparity and submission to our king. Why, man, you are God-made, not so vile a thing after all; indeed, since Christ has worn this garb of humanity, it has been a royal robe; and however befouled it may be, it can be washed, and, arrayed in shining white, we may enter *the Presence*, not fearing that there will not be disparity enough between us and him clothed in his ineffable glory.

I should have a favorable opinion of myself, but should deserve it. To this end I must do for myself all that He who gave me the care of myself has made it possible for me to do. And what may I not do, insignificant mollusc though I may be? Infinity holds in solution for me all that I need to make me "my best possibility." But it must be with me, *me and mine*, not *mine and me*. Too many thus reverse the order; they value their possessions more than themselves, their lands, stocks, houses, bodies, more than their souls. Now, whatever may become of *mine*, this soul, *myself*, must be cared for. For the good of my soul I must sacrifice, if need be, all that I have; certainly must sacrifice that dearest possession, whatever it may be, that, embraced too closely, has become a bosom sin. Ah, there's the rub; like Agamemnon, when he would appease the gods, we are ready to offer up lambs and goats, but will not give up our bosom sins—our "bright-eyed Chryseis."

Houses and lands are good; with them we may shelter the homeless and feed the hungry. Nor would I undervalue this body; the attrition of ages was necessary to prepare the dust of which it is made, and I anticipate for it a glorious resurrection; but these are not *me*, and should be but a secondary consideration. Let them all go; I can yet live. My enemy may fraudulently dispossess me of my lands, may beat and bruise my person, may burn my house, and yet do me so slight an injury that I can, and God may, forgive him. Not so he who

warps my soul; the eternities can not wash out the indelible record of injury.

How shall I dispose of this fearfully precious *me*? I can not trust myself with the keeping of any thing so valuable. I will yield me to Him who has purchased me with a great price, and he will put me down in his Book of Remembrance, and I shall be his when he "makes up his jewels."

THE BOOK-WORM.

THE book-worm is a slave to his appetite for reading; and though his slavery is of a more refined nature than that of one who surrenders his manhood to the pleasures of the palate, it renders its victims nearly as useless. Reading to excess, even if confined to the best authors, is hurtful to the mind. The perpetual reader exercises one faculty above all others—a receptive imagination. Like a panorama, the images and fancies of authors pass through his mind, following so closely upon each other that he has no time or power to analyze or examine. Reason, memory, taste, imagination—in its nobler creative faculty—are all left to decay from the palsied effects of inaction. The rich treasures of literature, both of the past and present, are "gone over," as well as whole libraries of fiction and travels. The victim of this raging mania devours every thing, good, bad, and indifferent. What is the result? If ever he looks to the world within there is only a wild chaos, a desolate waste, from which he is glad to fly to some entertaining page. Great thoughts have only passed under his inspection; they have not been retained to build up a temple of beauty within, but have so soon made their exit he could scarce recall their presence at all, but that, like an advancing army, they have left confusion behind.

The book-worm seldom originates any thing. He has beautiful dreams and purposes which are going to be carried out some day. He has capacities, for a person of no brain power is not subject to the reading mania, but his capacities are useless. He forgets that men are judged by what they do, not by what they are capable of doing. His familiarity with thinking minds sometimes awakens the fires of ambition, and he resolves to redeem himself by some great achievement. But, alas! he can no more pass by a book than a drunkard his cup. His enfeebled faculties refuse to do his bidding; crippled from long inaction, they can neither fly, walk, nor creep, and the disgusted proprietor of these misused powers seeks consolation in another intellectual banquet.

The book-worm is a mere cipher. He can neither plow the fields, write a book, nor entertain you in conversation. He may be surrounded with advantages that give promise of excellence, but he is like the stagnant pool, receiving from beneath the rills of water, and from above the rains of heaven, only to become sluggish and dead by its own inaction. One writer tells of a man who read twelve or fourteen hours a day for thirty years. Supposing the man's brain must be crowded full of learning as a man's well could be, he consulted with this wonderful devourer of books and found his ideas crude and confused. "Speech ventilates our intellectual fires." Undigested thoughts do not nourish, and knowledge stowed away without classification and analysis soon vanishes.

The poet Gray was possessed of faculties far above the ordinary class, but left very few evidences of genius because he was a slave to books. For years after his education was completed he buried himself in old Cambridge, poring over books he was unable to purchase himself. What a sin and shame that "the most learned man in Europe," as he was once termed—the man that could write that beautiful "Elegy"—should make such a literary gormand of himself as to leave so few trophies of his genius! Fifty-five years in this bustling, work-day world, and, forsooth, dependent on his mother and aunt for means of support, at least for a considerable part of his life! It is a pity old Adversity, to whom he addresses his hymn, could not have hustled him out of those college walls and set him at work. With all his shining talents he might have done much to make his age glorious instead of succumbing to gout and indigestion a little past life's noon. In the few works he left there is a beauty and finish few attain. How that sweet old picture of the country church-yard, with the "ivy-mantled tower," the "yew-tree's shade," and the "drowsy tinklings" of the herd, lingers in the memory! Even while I write the lines of the closing verse ring reproachfully in my ears:

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God."

The powers of the mind are a priceless gift, limitless in development, for when the resources of this life are exhausted, the soul enters upon that immortal life unfettered by the pains and frailties of the body. This thinking part, that aspires, imagines, reasons, loves, believes, is all that we can take with us to that other life—all that is really ours. How beautiful, then, how glorious should we make this inner temple!

how harmonious in proportion, how excellent in finish! By our own hand the stately walls must be reared, or there will be naught but a heap of rubbish. Arouse, O dreamer, and thou wilt find awaking powers come trooping to thy call!

ABYSSINIAN CHRISTIANITY.

THE military expedition of the English against Abyssinia is directing public attention to an important but hitherto ignored people, and is likely to produce among them vast and beneficial political and religious changes. The chief element of the interest, however, lies not so much in the magnitude of the material forces that are brought into play, as in the historical and religious antecedents of the Abyssinians, and in the belief that their policy of exclusivism toward European ideas, and intolerance of Protestant missions, is now definitively to cease.

The groundwork of the nation is of Caucasian race, brown in color, and of oval face and sharp features; but this type has been much mingled with those of the Jews, the Greeks, and the negro. The Government is a monarchy, and the emperors have ever claimed descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. It is at least true that the country occupies a part of what were once the dominions of the Queen of the South—Ethiopia. Till recently the empire was in a state of dissolution, several chiefs, as in the feudal ages, having established independent States. This condition of affairs was essentially modified on the accession, in 1855, of Theodore II, who greatly strengthened the power of the throne, and ruled for some years with wisdom and success.

The religion of Abyssinia is Christian; and it is remarkable that of all the nations which stood within proximate range of the devastating flood of Islamism, this one alone succeeded in defending its faith and independence; it yielded to the shocks neither of the Arabs, the Saracens, nor the Turks. The Christianity of Abyssinia dates, not from the apostolic times, but from that of Constantine, when the Church was already greatly corrupted, and, therefore, was most probably very defective from the beginning. About the year 330 two young Christians, having been wrecked and thrown upon the coast, were taken to the Abyssinian capital and employed as slaves in the royal household. From this condition their talents raised them to high State officers. Having succeeded in making many converts, one of them, Frumentius, went to Alexandria, was made bishop, and, on return-

ing, gave to the Church of Abyssinia a constitution which has never been overturned. From that time to the present the head of the Church, the patriarch, has been a foreigner, a Copt, and is obtained from Alexandria. The condition of the modern Church is deplorable in the extreme. More nearly like the Greek than the Roman, it has, if possible, fallen lower than either.

In creed the Abyssinian differs from the Greek Church in admitting only one, the divine, nature in the person of Christ. As early as the sixth century they possessed the Bible in their vernacular, the Ethiopic, though their translation never came generally into the hands of the people, and even many bishops and cloisters possessed only portions of the Scriptures. Recently a version of the whole Bible into the Amharic, the prevailing language of the present, has been made; but this, though more intelligible than the Ethiopic, is rejected by the priests, many of whom read the old text purely mechanically, without the least understanding of it. The people do not read the Bible at all. A few ancient Church decrees are esteemed of equal authority with the Bible, and, in fact, are incorporated in it. If to this we add the canons fixed by the early councils, abundant extracts from the Greek fathers, legendary martyrologies, calendars of saints, hymns, etc., we have the whole sacred literature of this venerable Church. But this relatively safe foundation is so bedimmed and overlaid by the ignorance, superstition, and immorality of both clergy and laity, as to lose nearly all of its elevating, regenerating power. The worship has degenerated into hollow forms and magical rites. The Bible has lost its simple meaning, and is allegorized to death; e. g., in the Sermon on the Mount, the right eye is thought to mean the wife or child; the right hand, a servant. In the passage, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests," the foxes are regarded as kings and rulers who have palaces, and the birds as bishops and priests whose mission calls them to ascend by devotion through the air to heaven.

Recently the Church has been violently rent by schisms, as to the "three nativities" of Christ, and as to whether the Virgin Mary is mother of God, or only mother of Jesus, and whether she is equal in dignity to the Son. Purgatory and alms, prayers and masses for the dead are believed in. Circumcision is practiced on children of both sexes. Baptism, which soon follows, is administered by prayer, exorcism, immersion, blessing, dedication of the infant by turning it toward the four quarters of the heavens, breathing upon it, imposition of hands, and anointing. Adults are baptized by copious

affusion. Immediately after baptism a cotton string is dipped in the holy oil, and with it the sign of the cross made on the forehead. Then a blue silk cord is fastened upon the neck, and ever thereafter worn as a badge of distinction from Turks and Jews. From the baptismal font, which is in the vestibule, the candidates, infants and adults, are taken to the altar within and served to the elements of the Lord's Supper in both kinds. Infant communion is universal.

The Abyssinian churches are very numerous. They are generally picturesquely situated on high elevations, and surrounded and shaded by handsome trees. They are circular, low; and surmounted by cone-shaped roofs terminating in a brazen cross. There are four doors answering to the points of the compass. The walls externally are painted white, and internally covered with execrable paintings of saints, angels, and demons. Sculptures are not allowed. The interior consists of a circular vestibule serving for daily morning prayers, and, on occasion, for night quarters for destitute travelers; and the church proper, which is subdivided into two parts, one of which contains a sort of covenant ark, and is accessible only to priests. The public worship consists of psalm-singing, reading from the Bible and from the lives of saints, and a wild, noisy dancing of the priests. Prayers are offered more especially to Mary, to saints, to miracle workers, and to angels.

Like other fallen religions the Abyssinian Church takes upon itself enslaving bonds which Christ never sanctioned. It celebrates no less than 180 annual fasts and festivals. Some of the ceremonies are peculiarly characteristic. On Epiphany day the whole priesthood, bearing all the covenant-arks of the city and vicinity, march out at the head of the people to the shore of some river or other water, and inaugurate the celebration with shouts and psalm-singing. At midnight a priest with torch-light steps into the water and blesses it. Thereupon the whole population, men, women, and children, entirely nude, plunge into the consecrated stream, and, with the unspeakable shrieks and shouts of a tropical bath, bring the protracted festival to a close.

As meritorious works the Abyssinians regard alms to beggars and monks, gifts to churches and cloisters, and, especially, pilgrimages to holy places. From such as have journeyed to Jerusalem, miracles and magical cures are expected; and, in fact, the whole Church is, almost as deeply as paganism, contaminated with a faith in sorcery and magic. Amulets are universal, and there is no end to the popular traditions concerning the miraculous discovery of

mineral springs, taming of wild beasts, riding upon lions, etc. The Jewish distinctions of clean and unclean meats are observed, and even coffee, of which the soil produces an excellent quality, is ecclesiastically forbidden.

In respect to marriage the Abyssinians are lax enough. Divorce is readily granted by the priests, though it is an inexorable law that no man may be divorced more than four times, and that he who is separated from his fourth wife, whether by death or divorce, must enter a cloister or suffer excommunication. Polygamy is tolerated only in the emperor. Priests are allowed to have families.

In respect to common morality the Abyssinians are low enough. The ignorance, deceitfulness, and covetousness of the priests, and the open unchastity of the monks, propagate themselves among the whole people. Sloth, filth, and licentiousness are the bane of the nation.

Such is, in brief, the Christianity of Abyssinia. Bad as it is, it is vastly better than the paganism that borders the country on the south and west, or the Islamism on the north and east. Nor is this religion, as might be supposed, a mere form, a garment lying loosely on the shoulders of the people and ready to be thrown off. No, it is thoroughly inwrought into the life of the nation. In its bloody struggles against the inroads of savages and Turks for more than a thousand years, it has more than once called forth the heroism of a Tell or a Joan d' Arc. Unquestionably its history justifies Abyssinia to a place among the Christian nations. And what if it is jealous of foreigners and intolerant of missionaries? Does not its peculiar history easily explain, if not palliate, those faults? Patience is needed. More than once has the whole country been bitterly deceived by cunning, proselyting Jesuits. The vail of prejudice, strengthened by ignorance, is heavy and of slow removal. The successes of Protestant missionaries from 1830 to the present have been few and unimportant. Perhaps God is now taking advantage of the blindness and cruelty of the present prince, and of the resulting English invasion, to open more fully to Abyssinia the benefits of a higher civilization, and the transforming power of an unadulterated Christianity. The task for the missionary will be to allay their fears and prejudices, and to convince them that he is not importing heresies and seducing them from the Church of their ancestors; in fine, that he is not teaching them a new religion, but, to the contrary, is merely directing their attention to the priceless riches, the inward power of the religion which, in form, they already possess and love. Till this

persuasion is wrought all efforts will be vain; but when once it is accomplished, then, surely, the Abyssinians will more readily rise to the life of Christianity than if they had lacked its form as well as its life.

TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS.

IT was a little attic room, high up in an old dilapidated building, unfurnished and dimly lighted by the one narrow window, at which a little figure crouched, and, with face closely pressed against the soiled glass, gazed into the street below. A narrow street it was, lined for the most part with tumble-down old houses, interspersed by such miserable shops as could be patronized by the dwellers in that neighborhood. The rainy day was drawing to its close, and the gray twilight settling down upon the town caused the few pedestrians who picked their way along that wet, uneven pavement to quicken their steps and the cartmen to urge their horses into a more rapid pace. The child drew her shawl still more closely about her as the damp air from the broken window chilled her; but she kept her post, now following with her large, dark eyes the figure of some one hurrying past, now listening to a quarrel carried on by a group of ragged children on the opposite side of the street, or watching the uncertain movements of a drunkard staggering homeward.

Presently a step on the stairs leading to the room she occupied startled her. She moved quickly away from the window and sank down in a corner, with her little head bent forward to listen, while a look of mingled terror and anxiety passed over her thin face. An expression of relief took its place, however, and a boy, some eleven or twelve years of age, entered, a bright, wide-awake little fellow, despite of rags and dirt.

"Need n't hide, Nan, it's on'y me," he said, flashing a quick glance at the dark corner as he deposited an armful of chips upon the floor.

The child slowly arose and went to his side, casting an apprehensive glance toward the door as she did so.

"Ain't them jolly?" exclaimed the boy, bestowing an admiring glance upon his fuel. "Got 'em at the carpenter's shop round the corner. The man he sez to me, 'Get out, you little rascal;' so I runs, but I brings the sticks along, I did, an' I'm goin' to have a fire—reg'lar roarer!"

"But Moll—" began the little girl with another glance at the door.

"Who keers for Moll?" interrupted the young urchin, composedly brushing the ashes from the hearth with his little black hands.

His companion looked at him for a moment in astonishment at his newly fledged independence, and then shook her wise little head doubtfully.

"But, Nick, I've been lookin' for her this long time, 'cause it's late; you know when Moll stays late she's always—"

"Drunker nor a gin-shop—perzactly. I knows the signs, I does," answered Nick complacently. "Tearin' hair, beatin' young uns, and smashing up things; but she won't do it to-night, she won't," with a chuckle, "an' she won't come home neither. There, that's the fire for ye; just hear her snap!"

Nan nodded her head approvingly. "Nice," she said, holding her little thin hands toward the blaze, while a faint smile flitted over her anxious, unchildlike face.

"Nick, be you sure? How do you know she won't come?"

"This 'ere way. When I come round the corner I sees her a comin' down street, marchin' along like she was ready to tear the house down, so I slid ahind a store-box. 'Nan an' me 'll have it hot to-night, we will,' thinks I. But just then Maloney, she comes along an' runs agin Moll, an' then theys both mad, an' into it they goes—my, but they did! Well, 'fore they knowed it two stars come along and gobbled 'em both up, an' off they went. So I goes and gets the chips and comes home. Ain't it jolly, though!" and Master Nick threw himself on the floor and watched the blaze with sparkling eyes.

"O, Nick, I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little girl, drawing a long breath of relief, and pushing back the tangled hair from her blue-veined temples—"so glad!"

The boy looked at her wan, wistful face with a kind of compassionate tenderness stealing into his bright black eyes.

"Poor little Nanny! It's downright mean the way Moll 'buses you, it is," he muttered, half to himself.

The little one shuddered as she thought of the treatment she received.

"But she won't do it to-night, Nick; do n't let's talk about it. She can't come to-night, and we've got a fire, too—such a nice fire! If we only had something to eat it would be almost like rich folks."

"Something to eat? Course we 'll have something to eat," said Nick, proudly. "Do you see that?" drawing a dime from his pocket and balancing it on his finger. "'T was n't

hooked nor begged, that was n't; it's my own hard yearnings."

Nanny's sad eyes brightened.

"And you'll buy us some supper with it?"

"Course I will—smashin' supper! Jest you wait;" and snatching up the forlorn remnant that he dignified by the name of a cap, the boy darted out the door and groped his way down the dark stairs.

The little girl went to the window again and tried to see him when he reached the street, but it had grown too dark for that. She went back and seated herself on an old box before the fire and clasped her hands in her lap. It was not very cold, only the rain had made the air damp and chill, and the child enjoyed the fire as much because of the cheerful light it threw over the room as for its warmth. All faces are either history or prophecy, some one has said, and that face, though it could not have seen more than nine years, was already a history—a bitter history of want and fear, of suffering and neglect.

Very quietly she sat, scarcely moving hand or foot. She had no buoyant spirits that must find vent in action, no vitality to spare. A fire, freedom from abuse, and a prospect of food were bliss to her. Presently came the sound of Nick's returning feet. Once he stumbled a little on the long stairs, and she started quickly then, a sudden tremor running over her little form; she was so used to listening for unsteady steps, poor child! A moment reassured her, and the boy came in, displaying his purchases triumphantly.

"Have some supper? I'll bet we will! Here's a loaf of bread, half a dozen buns, an' two pickles; think of that, Nan—two pickles! The woman threw them in 'cause she said they had n't kept overly well nohow. Ain't it jolly! Here," and breaking the loaf in two he placed part of it in Nan's hands. Then, throwing himself on the floor beside her, he began a vigorous attack on the other half.

For a time neither spoke. At last, when the first keen pain of hunger had been stilled, Nanny looked up wonderingly.

"You did n't tell me how you got it, Nick."

"That ere dime? Why, yes I did; I yearned it. Little girls dunno much about sich things as them," answered Nick, proudly.

"You did n't go a washin'," said Nanny timidly, her idea of "earning" being connected with Moll's days out.

"Washin'! O, my!" Nick rolled over on the floor and laughed between his bites of pickle. "There was a kerridge goin' down the street grand as could be, an' a woman, an' gal, an'

boy in it; an' fust thing they knowed the little feller's cap blowed off, and the kerridge stopped. Afore the black chap as was drivin' 'em could get down I runs an' grabs it up an' carries it to 'em. The lady she give me this ere dime, an' the little chap says 'thank ye,' says he, an' his little sister laughed. But I'd got the dime, an' I did n't care."

"His sister? who was that?"

"Why, the gal, in course. Tell you she was one of 'em, she was! all ochings of silks, an' ribbins, and flyers—looked just like a millin'-ner's winder."

"Nick, am I your sister?" asked the little girl after a moment's thought.

"Well, I dunno," answered Nick, meditatively; "dunno whose sister you air if you ain't mine. Any how I do n't b'lieve Moll is no mother to neither of us, 'cause she ain't; she's just Moll."

"Seems as if I could remember," said Nanny, dreamily, "a long time ago, somebody that was n't Moll. I do n't know, only it seems like she did n't never strike nor scold. Mebby I dreamed."

"No ye did n't," answered Nick, decisively, "'cause when I seen ye the first time ye was a little wee critter, an' there was another woman along of ye. 'T was n't here—dunno where 't was, on'y Moll an' me lived there. Well, the woman what was with ye she just coughed, an' coughed, an' coughed, this 'ere way," and the boy imitated that hollow, dreadful cough that so quickly tells its own story to experienced ears. "I mind that yet; used to get agoin' till you'd think she'd never stop. But she did one day—went clean dead, ye know—and then Moll brought ye where we was. I do n't believe you never belonged to her before, I do n't, an' I reckon she thought you'd be a help 'in the beggin'. Any how she's had two on us to knock an' cuss at ever since. I s'pose it's a mejum of sassysfaction to her," added Nick, with a look of self-complacency at being able to use such long words.

"But I do n't like to beg," said the little one, hesitatingly, as if half-ashamed to acknowledge such a weakness; "and I do n't ever get much either, an' that makes Moll so cross. O, Nick, I'm so tired an' so afraid all the time! Moll gets worse an' worse, she does, and she'll kill us some day."

"Mebby she will an' mebby she won't," responded Nick philosophically. "I do n't know where she picked me up fustly, but I ain't ticklarily bleegeed to her for it—not as I knows on. I guess I've been a pretty good bargain," with an air of honest pride, "'cause I've begged

lots, I have. But I 'd a been out o' this if 't was n't for you. S'pose I 'd a staid here an' took all these poundings? Bet I would n't."

"Where 'd you went?" asked Nanny, looking at him with evident admiration.

"Runned away, gone on a chure, like the rich folks does. Seen a chap all fixed up t'other day a goin' down to the boat with a shawl on his arm, an' a black feller ahind him carryin' a leather pos'mortem. Another man calls out an' axes him where he was goin', an' says he, 'O, to take a little chure.' That 's what I 'd do; 'spect I could get along."

"I guess you could," said Nanny, appreciatively, "'cause you know so much. How do you learn all so many things, Nick?"

"Hears 'em in the street," replied the boy, gratified by her compliment. "When the rich folks talks I listens, 'cause I 'm goin' to be a rich man myself some day. Goin' to have a kerridge, an' a big house with welvety carpets in it, an' a gold-headed cane. You shall live long o' me, Nannie, an' if ole Moll comes along I 'll just call in a star, an' haul out my pus, an' say, 'Here, p'liceman, put this woman in the lock-up an' I 'll pay the 'spense,' that 's what I 'll tell him, an' he 'll do it quick."

Nanny's large eyes gleamed like stars, and a faint color came to her cheek. She listened with suppressed breath to the glowing picture.

"O, Nick!" she murmured softly, as he paused. Then a thought of the present dispelled the dream, and the light faded from her face. "But it 'll be such a long time, and Moll will come back in the mornin'. Nick"—a sudden thought striking her—"why could n't we both run away an' go on a—a—"

"Chure? Why, I dunno," answered Nick, sitting up to consider the matter; "never thought about that. You could n't stand tramp-in' like me."

"But we could stop an' rest," said Nanny eagerly, "an' we could hide where Moll would not find us. O, do let 's go, Nick! You could do it, could n't you?"

Her helplessness, her confidence in him roused all the manliness and generosity in the boy's young heart, and there was not a little of it, despite his constant association with misery, selfishness, and crime, and the lessons they had taught him.

"Dunno, s'pose I could. Do n't guess it could be no worse nor it is here for ye, nohow."

"O, no, no! Moll will come home to-morrow, an' I 'm so afraid," her pale lip quivering.

It was not strange that she felt so. Any one looking in upon that wretched—shall we call her woman?—in the city prison that night, see-

ing her tattered, filthy garments, her torn hair, and bruised and bloated face, and listening to the torrent of profanity and pollution that poured from her lips, would have turned away sick and shuddering. Yet these children were compelled to constant association with her. They had no other earthly guardian, no other home than her wretched room. Think of it, mother! That boy, with so many possibilities of good in his young life, and worse still, because more in her power, that little, timid, shrinking girl, with eyes sadder but just as innocent as those of your own darling, left to the care of that wretched creature! No need to write what their life was; any one seeing them and seeing her could not fail to know.

The boy looked at his little companion thoughtfully. "Yes, she 'll be back to-morrer, an' all her grudge agin Maloney an' the p'licemen will come on us, I do s'pose. Shall we quit this afore she comes, Nan?"

"Yes; to-night?" she asked quickly.

"No, arly in the mornin'. My, but won't Moll tear!" Then the novelty of the thing struck his childish fancy, and he grew enthusiastic. "Go a travelin'? guess we will, as well as other folks! We 'll go an' seek our forthchings, that 's what we will, an' come back some day, an' ride along here in our kerridge. We won't need no black feller to carry our luggage for us when we starts, though," and he laughed as if that fact were simply amusing. "We haint got no gettin' ready."

"O, yes we have, Nick—some. Folks can 't go travelin' without gettin' ready," said the little one, a new interest and life coming to her manner. "We might wash our faces, you know."

Nick laughed again, but good-naturedly yielded to her fancy, and made another trip down the long stairs after some water. There was something half-amusing, half-touching in the little girl's air of importance and gravity, as she bustled about trying to find some utensil that could be made available in performing their ablutions, the latent womanliness that began to develop itself. Soap the establishment did not afford; but the children dashed the cold water over their faces, trying to make up by their energy in that line for their want of other preparations. Then Nick took a survey from the little window and called out joyfully,

"It 's a goin' to clear up, Nan; the moon 's a shinin'!"

At last they threw themselves down upon the floor to sleep—bed there was none—with many expressions of anxiety from Nanny, lest they should not awake early enough, and reassuring promises from Nick. Soundly they slept, yet

the boy kept his promise, and in the gray light of early morning awakened his sleeping companion.

"Come, Nanny, it's time we was a startin'," and the child's large eyes flashed open in an instant.

They descended the two long flights of stairs, hearing no sound from the rooms on either side, and reached the street. But few persons were out so early, and those few were too much occupied with their own affairs to notice the children, who hurried along with no plan save to walk in an opposite direction from that by which Moll would return to her home. By and by the milk-carts began to come into town, rattling over the stony streets. Then store-doors were thrown open, one by one, and clerks began taking down the shutters, and the children wandered on aimlessly, looking about with curious eyes, though the sights and sounds were familiar to them. As they passed a grocery a man came to the door and threw out a number of oranges partly decayed, and, therefore, unsalable. Nick sprang forward exultingly and gathered them up.

"We'll go along there an' sit down on that door-stone an' eat 'em, Nan," he said, and the child assented joyfully.

"They're more 'n half good," pursued the boy. "This 'ere 's a 'freshment s'loon we've stopped at on our journey. Did n't want to go to a hotel, 'cause it's too early in the mornin'; an't it jolly!"

"It's nicer than stayin' with Moll," answered the little girl. "See! the sun is beginnin' to shine, Nick;" and gladdened by the sight, refreshed by their oranges, and pleased by the fancy of being on a journey, they soon resumed their walk. Up one street and down another they passed—now pausing to look in at shop-windows, now stopping to listen to a hand-organ—only taking care to keep away from familiar localities, and avoid well-known faces. Once Nick started suddenly, as he saw advancing toward them a boy some two or three years his senior.

"Hulloa, Nan, that's Bobby Skinner! We'd better not let him see us, tell yer!" and catching her hand he hurried her around a corner and down the street as fast as they could run, never pausing till the dreaded "Bobby" was far behind them, and they were both fairly out of breath. Then they sat down upon a step—Nanny frightened as well as breathless.

"Sich a skite!" said Nick, panting. "Ye see, Nan," after a moment's thought, "I s'pose we'd better take our chure on'ards instid o' round so circumventigatin', I do. My, sich a race!"

"Well," answered Nanny, wearily, "where'll we go to?"

"Dunno; most any wheres," he replied, and indeed it was the only answer he had to give.

Hour after hour wore away; it was long past noon. The streets they had walked through in the early morning were crowded with a jostling, hurrying throng, but the children had passed into less frequented thoroughfares, and still wandered on. They were growing weary, and Nanny's little bare feet lagged sadly.

"If we had something to eat, I guess I would n't be so tired," she said at last.

Nick looked at her, and then in at a window just beside them, filled with tempting dainties. So much within sight—within reach, but for that thin glass, and they must suffer from hunger.

"I reckon they've got more there than they'll sell, they have, Nanny. Mebby they'd give us some stale buns or somethin'," he said, and turning went in at the open door, while Nanny timidly followed him.

"Mister, we're hungry, me an' Nanny; haint you got somethin' you can give us to eat?" he asked of a man behind the counter.

The shop-keeper was busy and scarcely looked at him, but answered impatiently,

"No, I have n't any thing for you. Seems to me that beggars are growing thicker every day," he muttered, half to himself.

"I should think they'd grow thinner 'stid of thicker, seein' the high feedin' you gives 'em, I should," retorted Nick indignantly, as he walked away.

"O Nick, do n't!" whispered his little companion, frightened at his boldness.

"Never mind, Nanny, he an't the only bake-shop, he an't, 'cause there's lots more of 'em," answered the boy consolingly. "We can ask somewheres else."

But the little girl's courage had completely vanished. "No, no, Nick, I do n't want to; mebby they'll put us in jail. I do n't guess I'm so hungry as I was. We'll wait till to-morrow."

On and on they went, wandering away from the center of the city to where the houses were farther apart, and now and then a vacant lot appeared. The shadows began to gather then, and they saw that night was coming. "Have to be a lookin' up a hotel, I reckon," Nick remarked. "Let's go into that lot where all them boards is piled up."

It was a fine building site, and lumber had been already gathered there for erecting a residence. Some of the boards had been so arranged that they found a kind of shelter, and

under this the children crept, and lay down to sleep. Not uncomfortable for lack of bed—they were not used to any; not afraid or lonely, for they had no home to think of or long for, and weariness and hunger were soon forgotten in sleep. There was no love to miss them or look for them. One only, who never forgets even the “least of these little ones,” watched over them, and the young wanderers rested quietly till the morning’s sun, high and bright, awaked them.

Somewhat refreshed they were, yet the dreams of food had in nowise satisfied their hunger, and they wandered out in search of more substantial means of stilling its cravings.

“O, it’s nice here!” said little Nanny with a wishful, admiring glance at the pretty yards that surrounded some of the houses. The soft grass, already springing up fresh and green, was to her a new sight. Presently they paused to gaze through a fence where some children were playing. A mimic tea-party the little ones were having, and the two without looked at them longingly. By and by the little hostess looked up and saw them.

“Won’t you come in and take tea with us?” she asked with true democratic hospitality, yet half shyly withal.

Nanny was too timid to accept such an invitation, but the little lady within, in her sweet childish way, offered them biscuit and cake through the fence, and seeing how eagerly it was eaten ran into the house for more. So the little travelers went on their way, comforted and strengthened, with a new revelation of child-life to wonder and dream over.

All day they wandered on, and when the night fell, dark and rainy, they sought such shelter as could be found in the dilapidated portico of an old house partly torn down. The next day, and the day following, were but a repetition of the preceding ones, save that Nanny’s strength was failing, as they struggled on in their aimless, hopeless journeying. Nick had few promises to hold out to her. Careless and stout-hearted as the boy was, and accustomed to a vagabond life, even he began to wish he knew what and where the end of this would be—some place where they could stop at last.

They had left the city far behind them, and were walking slowly along a country road, when the sore and tired feet refused to go farther.

“I guess you’ll have to go on without me, Nick, I’m so tired,” said Nanny wearily, sinking down by the roadside and closing her eyes as if she had neither thought nor care for any thing further.

The boy looked at her ruefully, and then up

at the clouded sky from which the heavy drops were already beginning to fall.

“Try to go a little ways, Nan,” he said, “jist over to that field there, where we can creep in somewheres, ’cause we ’ll get a soaker here, we will.”

The child scarcely cared then whether they escaped from the rain or not. The effort she made was simply for her companion’s sake; and when they reached the large barn, and Nick was fairly jubilant because they found the door unfastened and they could creep in and lie on the soft hay, she only sank down without speaking, and closed her eyes with an expression of pain. “Goin’ to sleep,” was Nick’s inward comment, and nestling down he gave himself up to the enjoyment of his own luxurious couch, till slumber made him oblivious of all surroundings.

That evening, when the dripping clouds had broken away, and the setting sun was smiling a “good-night” upon the earth, the farmer, coming out to look after his horses and cattle, saw a strange picture for such a place—two sleeping children. The one with short, close curls, and long dark lashes—a handsome, boyish face notwithstanding its accompanying rags and dirt. The other face was younger still, thinner and sadder, with a mass of fair, tangled hair tossed carelessly back from it. The beholder paused, startled and astonished, and looked at them for a moment; suddenly his kind eyes grew moist: “Poor, forlorn little toads! how ever did they come here!” he murmured softly. “I ’ll go and call Mary.”

He retraced his steps to the house, and returned presently with his wife—a gentle, sweet-faced, motherly woman, albeit no childish lips had ever called her mother. Nick awoke to find the two bending over him, and started up half frightened.

“We come in here to get out of the rain, Nanny an’ me, an’ we haint hurt nothin’, we haint,” he said excusingly. “We was so tired, an’ Nanny was sick, too. I guess she’s better now, ’cause her cheeks is so red. Wake up, Nan, we must be a goin’.”

The child’s cheeks were red indeed, but it was with the crimson flush of fever. She opened her eyes, but there was no gleam of recognition in them, and she closed them wearily again with a low moan. Mrs. Gray laid her cool hand against the hot face.

“This child is very sick, Nathan; you had better carry her to the house,” she said simply.

Kind hands bathed little Nanny that night, and placed her upon a softer couch than she had ever known before. Tender eyes watched

over her, growing still more pitying as Nick, in his childish way, told their simple story. Long days of unconsciousness followed, but when the fever passed, and left her worn and weak, but still upon the shores of time, she awakened to a new life.

"'Cause we haint got to go a travelin' any more, Nanny," Nick exclaimed to her eagerly, as he sat by her bedside. "We can stay here always. We 've got a home now like other folks, we have, Nanny. An't it jolly!"

"And so you are going to keep those children, Mrs. Grey?" said a neighbor. "Well, as you have n't any of your own I have often wondered that you did not adopt some one. But those two—really!" shrugging her shoulders, "I should have thought you would hesitate a little, knowing the vagabond life they had been accustomed to."

"The more wretched their life has been the more need there is of rescuing them from it," the lady answered.

"But you know nothing of them—not even who or what their parents were," her visitor urged.

Mrs. Grey looked up with a grave, sweet smile.

"They were two of God's little ones," she said, "and that was all we cared to know of their parentage. They were helpless and homeless, and He brought them to us; that was reason enough why we should take them and keep them."

Her friend looked at her thoughtfully.

"Perhaps you are right," she answered slowly. "They may bring a blessing with them after all."

The farmer coming in caught the words, and paused with his hand on his wife's shoulder to answer reverently.

"Surely they will. You have not forgotten who said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little one in my name, receiveth me?' We take them willingly, gladly, not for duty's sake, nor for charity's sake, but for Christ's sake."

TWILIGHT PICTURES.

I sit sometimes apart from busy noises,
With pictures gliding from the olden time,
And 'round me float its dear, familiar voices,
Though all too vague for memory to define.

It may be when soft twilight dews elicit
The sweetest perfume of the Summer flowers,
Or when the Winter eve, with crown exquisite,
Reigns peacefully above the listening hours.

Out of the gloom, fairer than bright June morning,
Break golden hills, green fields, and waving trees,
And blooms of beauty happy brows adorning,
Gives richest fragrance to the passing breeze.

And O so pure and sinless is the pleasure,
Unmixed with taint of earthly pain and woe;
I hold again each dear and long-lost treasure,
Wafted from islands of the long ago.

Upon my heart sweet melodies are falling,
Soft, tender strains that somewhere seem'd so dear,
And loving voices unto me are calling
In realms of light and gladness fondly mean.

I know not whether the entrancing vision
Be twilight memories ever undefined,
Of angel-watchers in the days Elysian,
Holding communion with the infant mind.

Or ever and anon a gleam celestial
Flashing athwart my earthly pilgrim way,
Winning the spirit from the scenes terrestrial,
On to the fair and unobscured day.

Though vainly still the origin divining,
Yet to the past be tenderest memories given;
Not all earth's gifts could stay the soul's deep pining,
Or give it joy so near akin to heaven.

O, in the tintings of this bright ideal
Beam glimpses of the blessedness to be,
Where shadows pale and fade into the real,
The glowing light of immortality.

VIOLETS.

WHAT beautiful violets grew in the meadows,
When bare, little feet pressed the tender, green
grass!

When gathering flowers was a joy that o'erpaid us,
Tho' fearing the threats which the bees at us cast!

Repeating our thoughts in innocent joy,
Regardless of sunbeams or tan on the face;
Ne'er counting the minutes—such charming employ,
Was measured by flowers, and a butterfly chase.

We questioned, and answered our questions as well;
Then we wished, and forgot our wishing as soon;
"Say, did the flowers blossom or butterflies dwell
Any sweeter or gayer up in the moon?"

What matter the question was not very deep?
It served us for prattle—the seed of a thought
Which mother revised—ere the years lay asleep
In the "long ago" time, with preciousness fraught.

The breath of violets, which grew in the meadows,
Has floated to me with the love of my mate,
In hours when the heart was curtained in shadows,
And the jewels of hope lay shattered by fate,

As something secure, that would ever be mine,
This memory—this picture so bright and complete,
Of hunting for violets in the fresh spring-time,
Tho' the violets now bloom o'er my playmate sweet.

A WOMAN'S MANNER.

IF ever there was an age when women were made much of, idolized, brought forward, developed in every possible capacity, almost deified, in fact, this is the age. No woman gets a chance to hide her talent in a napkin nowadays. It is brought out, scoured up, polished, graven, set on the exhibition tables for every one to look at and admire. If she does not reach perfection now, physically and mentally, she never will.

And yet there were women—women, too, whose names and memories make our blood stir with a thrill of instinctive pride, even through the silence of dumb centuries—before the days of calisthenics and gymnasiums, ere "Female Colleges" existed, and when any science, beyond the "daily page" of reading immortalized by the Vicar of Wakefield, was as a sealed book to them. We could hardly improve on some of those old-fashioned models with all our "modern improvements."

Still we are not altogether satisfied. We have gathered the fruit, mellowed, ripened, and perfected, but the bloom is somehow rubbed off. We are like poor Frankenstein, not by any means exactly suited with the result of our labors.

Now, here is the trouble. Our women are educated, refined, charming, no doubt, but they are not womanly women. We miss the nameless grace, the indescribable charm that should characterize a woman as entirely and inseparably as fragrance characterizes a rose. Somehow, in the great crucibles of education and development, this strange, sweet essence has vanished and is gone—nobody knows how, when, or where.

If we were a man—one of those curious compounds of strength and weakness, energy and helplessness, stupidity and intellect, that so sorely need a second self by way of balance wheel—where should we look for a true wife? For something that would be more than a mere ornament, better than a trained parrot? We are afraid we should be worse off than Diogenes with his lantern.

We should not want a wife too much like ourself. We should learn to dread the woman who defies us with our own logic, who outtalked us on our own ground, who pitched her voice a semitone above ours, and who, in short, carried the doctrine of equality right into the domestic hearth-stone. Imagine such a woman by our sick-bed; fancy coming home to such a woman after a day of discouraging failure or depressing business. If there was a "club house" within ten miles we should flee to it

as a city of refuge. There is much harsh judgment pronounced in the world. A man is "a brute" who spends his evenings away from home; what, then, is the woman who has failed to make that home attractive, and whose voice and temper make it hideous instead?

Too little attention is paid to the manner of women in the nineteenth century. We never stop to think that this manner is the letter of introduction they carry with them into the world; that by the touchstone of manner they will most assuredly be judged. And it is so difficult to watch this most impalpable of all feminine charms, to prune away redundancies and cultivate deficiencies. There is but a step between confiding frankness and unpleasant boldness—between vivacity and pertness—between simplicity and silliness. We have no sympathy with the prudish damsel who confines her conversation to "Yes" and "No," and looks upon all men as destroying demons, to be kept at arm's length, or looked at through a grating; yet is not the other extreme still worse? The tendency of the age is toward too great freedom in social intercourse between the two sexes. Men should be men, and women women; and when a young lady slaps her brother's friend on the back and calls him "old fellow," the result is a most unpleasant confusion of ideas.

Freedom of manner in public is another national fault. School-girls of sixteen enter public conveyances with the confidence of young men. They look you boldly in the eye, press forward to a seat with the greatest sangfroid, and converse across the aisle in loud, self-assured voices about "Lib" and "Tom," and "the party last night," and "the surprise to-morrow night," as if every body was vitally interested in their concerns as they themselves are. They eat peanuts and throw the shells past you out of the window with an accuracy of aim that makes you nervous; they clean and trim their nails, or perhaps pick their little white teeth with pins as they talk. Yet were you to call them "unlady-like," how shocked and surprised they would be!

You see they don't think. Carelessness is the trouble—utter, reckless lack of thought! Girls, do think.

As they verge from sixteen toward the twenties, new perils beset their way. Their tendency is to become abrupt, quick-motivated, hard-voiced, and fast. They pride themselves on an independence which is but another name for coarseness. With the pure "well of English undefiled," from which Milton sang and Goldsmith wrote, as a heritage to their tongues, they express themselves in language befitting a stable-yard or a billiard saloon. They glory in the

newest slang, the choicest repertoire of what Victor Hugo calls "Argot." They have no respect for the "sweet low voice" that Shakespeare loved, but hail you across the drawing-room as if you were somewhere out at sea, and speak from between their eyebrows, metallically and sharp.

And when the sweet old story of love and courtship weaves itself into the chapter of their lives, how do they comport themselves? They treat it as a joke. They "get engaged" for the fun of the thing, not because they ever intend to ratify the solemn compact before the altar. It is no new thing to hear of a young lady, "O, she has been engaged five or six times!" We hardly blame gentlemen for amusing themselves at the expense of such women as these.

And lately we have been surprised and shocked to observe the total lack of delicacy with which young ladies parade their "conquests" before the world. If a man asks a woman to marry him, and is mortified by a refusal, has he not a right to take it for granted that she will keep his secret as honorably as if it were guarded by the most solemn vows of silence? What, then, can we think of women who boast of their rejected lovers, as Indian chieftains carry scalps at their belt, and bring the most solemn episodes of life into the idle chatter of every day! It is as dishonorable as if they had stolen money or forged bills. You can demand some sort of satisfaction from a man, but when a woman's tongue is the criminal what redress have you?

Shall we allow the manner of American women to degenerate into mere mannerism? Is there to be no dividing line between the language used on a race-course and that of our young ladies in boudoirs and ball-rooms? Are girls to be distinguished from their brothers only by the accident of dress? It is all very well for women to know how to take care of themselves, but there is a stage where independence becomes repulsive; it is right that women should develop all their powers and faculties, both of mind and body, but they have no business with those of a man.

We are weary in hearing impertinence called frankness, coarseness defined as independence, masculine boldness dignified into the place of "a proper spirit." When once a woman ceases to be truly feminine, she loses all claim to the chivalrous courtesies which are universally awarded to her sex, without gaining the respect due to a man.

Mothers, it is in your hands to make the manner of American women the most charming in the world. Daughters, it is for you to

discountenance the bold flippancy of the day and study a manner that shall clearly and fully represent the white soul and sunny nature within. If, standing on the threshold of life and the world, you pray for aught, let it not be for beauty, or brilliant intellect, or fascinating tongue, but for a woman's womanly nature, and a manner that shall be its interpreter. Cleopatra herself could not wage successful rivalry against such a gift.

To be Queen of hearts, a woman needs only be sympathetic, tender, soft-voiced, with faith, hope, and charity templated in her soul. Men see enough of the dark and tempestuous side of life in their daily existence; their homes should be shrines wherein to gather new strength and recognize holier types; their wives should be "in the world, not of it." It is not necessary for a woman to stand alone, defying the world. There are sufficient strong arms to fight the battles for her. Her strength lies in the very weakness of her slighter nature and more delicate frame, and the charm, subtle and sure, of a feminine manner is a more potent spell than ever enchanter wove.

Let us not fall into apathy on a subject of such importance. The evil is rapidly advancing—the remedy can not be too soon applied.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

NATURE is emphatically the great teacher.

Men are but students, and the wisest are they who go oftenest to her for instruction. He is strongest who learns from her the secret of power; he most skillful who serves to her a faithful apprenticeship; he most successful who studies her slow developments. There is no department of knowledge which she does not open to her disciples. She performs chemical experiments in the grandest laboratory science ever knew; she modifies and combines the qualities and forces of matter into a system of mechanics which defies the computations of the mathematician; she blends and harmonizes tints and colors which the artist's pencil vainly strives to transfer to canvas; she addresses to the devout heart those evidences of design and intelligence which lead back through all the course of change and development to find in the primal force that Being whose power created and whose providence controls. Even for the poor savage, to whose questionings all oracles are dumb, she has a whisper of hope, a glimmer of light, a dim vision of the great, the holy, and the high.

These are her daily teachings, the truths

which she scatters among all her disciples. But she has rarer treasures which are reserved for those who are willing to sit humbly at her feet and listen to her utterances; who diligently study her open book and sympathize with her varying moods; who feel something of her life throbbing in their veins, and whose hearts beat in unison with the "quick spirit of the universe." To these her first admonition, her introductory lesson is, "Be patient."

Youth, ardent and impetuous, strong of purpose and eager for its life-work, grasps the mallet and the chisel, impatient to perpetuate alike the dreamer's vision and the sculptor's fame. The fairest marble lies before him; tools exquisitely wrought and faultless models are at his command; success and fame are almost within his grasp. With what energy he toils! What impatient longing urges the chisel! He can not stop to polish and adjust, he has no time to elaborate the minor details; success can not lurk in things like these; it must be won by vigorous blows. He is so eager for the end! But the arm wearies at length, and the heart grows sick with failures. Form has indeed come forth from her stony cell at his bidding, but expression, that subtle beauty which counterfeits life, has eluded his impetuous seeking.

Disappointed, humbled, but not discouraged, he abandons his own imperfect wisdom and goes to the great mother for consolation and instruction. He stands by the mouth of a river, and, observing the sediment borne along and deposited by the current, learns that the land over which it has flowed for many miles owes its existence to this slow process; that thus islands are formed and continents change their outline. He traces the river back to its mountain sources. The everlasting hills are about him; ledges of rock tower above him in solitary grandeur, or beetle over the precipice on whose brink he treads, and he reflects with awe upon the forces adequate to the work of upheaval. But the microscope reveals to him that much of the now solid rock is composed of minute shells, invisible to the naked eye, deposited through long centuries, and solidified by heat and pressure. Nature has taken plenty of time, and has not disdained to economize the infusorial remains.

He penetrates into a subterranean cavern, where

"Light, and day,
And swift-revolving seasons never come."

Before him stands a marvelous statue. No "Praxiteles" is inscribed upon its pedestal, no fragments scattered at its base tell of the sculp-

tor's chisel; yet Aphrodite sprang not more complete from the ocean wave. Above it in the fretted roof a small crevice divides the ledge of rock. Drop after drop the water trickles down, bearing a portion of calcareous matter so minute as to be perceptible only in the deposits of years. Thus the statue has grown. In silence, in darkness, through long ages, Nature has been patiently at work, adding, molding, polishing. With no eye to see, no voice to direct, the work has gone steadily, noiselessly on, and now the image almost starts to life before the intruding torch. The lesson is learned at last, and Nature's law henceforth becomes his own, "little by little."

Other lessons are in store for him who seeks in natural phenomena an expression for moral truths. Near the base of the Blue Ridge, on the bank of a river, is a rock marked with human footprints—the steps of a child not more than five years old. Seven times the little feet tottered and slipped in the then plastic clay, and at last slid down the slope into the water. Half the year the river pours its rapid tide over the rock, yet the footprints are as deep and well defined as when the white man first broke the silence of the wilderness. The little feet that marked them there have rested for ages from their brief life-journey, but the story of their last fatal wandering is stamped indelibly upon the rocky tablet.

In the heart of the Alleghanies, shut in by the silence and solitude of the hills, a little spring, "so small a single ox on a Summer's day could drain it dry," nestles under its leafy covert. A few crystal drops creep over its mossy brim and steal into the valley below, and the rill becomes a brook, and the brook a river, till the little spring has grown to be the beautiful Ohio, paying tribute to the father of waters, and pouring its tide at last into the unbounded sea. Surely we do not need an interpreter to read in these phenomena the permanency of early impressions and the extent of moral influence.

Yet another lesson does the thoughtful man learn from the study of Nature—she is never selfish, never obtrusive. Her favors are scattered with a lavish hand, and her abundance is greatest where the human eye seldom pierces. Birds of gayest plumage inhabit the solitudes of tropical forests; flowers of rarest beauty bloom in the most sequestered glades; the purest pearls lie deepest on the ocean floor; Arabian perfumes load the desert air. The "Diamond Bank" and the magnificent "Cathedral Spire" of Weyer's Cave were concealed in darkness and solitude for unknown ages, yet

were they no less beautiful than when the adventurous fox-hunter groped his way into its unexplored recesses. Nature asks not recognition, her abundant beneficence is its own reward.

These lessons ought every Christian heart to learn. The first is the secret of success; the second teaches us to watch with jealous care the nature and extent of our influence; and the last inspires us with the spirit which breathes through the beautiful words of Krummacher: "O, welche Freude, ungesehen und heimlich wohlzuthun!"—"O, what joy to do good, unseen and in secret!"

COMMUNICATIVE PERSONS.

A THOROUGHLY practical belief in the theory that every virtue is an exact mean, supposing it to be possible or desirable, would at least necessitate the most unflinching self-discipline, and a mathematical impartiality to one's own weaknesses and those of other persons. Estimates of character would be formed upon wonderfully different principles than those which at present guide us, and a complete change in conceptions of social merit would be the result. Such expressions as "faults on the right side," "amiable failings," and the like, would vanish from our vocabulary. All faults would be equally wrong, and all failings equally unlovely. Virtue would be reduced to a fixed arithmetical figure: all other numbers, whether higher or lower, would be alike incorrect; one only could be right. Every deflection from the mean, on whatever side, would appear equally reprehensible; faults would differ in kind, but not in degree. People would no longer think that it was better to lean toward rashness than cowardice, toward prodigality than avarice, or toward unrestrained garrulity than impenetrable reserve.

But this passionless utopia is not likely to be realized. Till human nature is recast in some new mold, it will ever be disposed to view errors in one direction more favorably than those in another. Opinions as to the eligibility of one weakness over its opposite will differ with different minds; natural disposition and a disguised selfishness will decide the preference. Thus, some will consider the spendthrift to be less distant from perfection than the miser, and will regard the gushing prattle of the school-girl as better than the taciturnity of the misanthrope. *Quot homines tot sententia.* On these points each will have his own convictions, which no amount of argument will remove.

Without the least wish to rob any one of this privilege, it is still possible to make an attempt at striking the balance in favor of one of the latter pair of contradictory opinions, which have been mentioned in their most aggravated form. The reserved character is far from being socially attractive. It lacks, to a great extent, the charm of individuality and expression. Moody heroes of romance are exceptions. Though their voice is silent, yet there is always a strange expression upon their countenance, and a fire in their eyes far surpassing any mere eloquence of words. These, however, are not easily met with in real life; and it is usual to find that those who are characterized by extreme reserve of manner are voted dull, or damned with the faint praise of being "estimable persons." On the other hand, if excessive and inane talkers are generally considered bores, there are many who, while looking upon reserve as sinister and unsafe, recognize in the unrestrained talk of communicative companions nothing but the overflowings of an open heart, and a generous, trustful spirit.

Is this view altogether the best that can be taken? The fact that the communicative character is, as a rule, confined to children, women, and very young men, might perhaps seem to imply a certain amount of weakness. And this opinion might be thought to receive additional support from the increase of communicativeness which generally accompanies indulgence in the cup. The man of maturity and experience does not care to rush into unguarded expressions of opinion or indiscriminate confidences; his dealings with the world have taught him reticence and caution. The youth, inexperienced and overflowing with self, has not yet learned to bridle his tongue; there are, indeed, some who never seem to learn to do so. Whatever they think they say, and the toads and diamonds fall promiscuously from their mouth.

There is, doubtless, a great deal that is fresh and delightful in all this. It may be very charming, but it is at times very awkward. Those open-hearted, impulsive, communicative creatures who never keep their own opinion back, who pour forth unreservedly all their cherished fancies and pet beliefs, may sometimes be amusing, but are often uncommonly dangerous. When in society, they not unfrequently resemble the bull in the china-shop. Whatever may be the subject of conversation or controversy, they speak out roundly and openly. They tilt *cap-à-pie* at statements which they are inclined to doubt, and often hurt by their gushing enthusiasm the feelings of their over-sensitive auditors. Abstractedly this may be beautifully natural, but socially it is annoying. It is in this

class that persons who are so apt to make "unfortunate remarks" must be placed. Their friends, who may have more regard for their reputation than they have themselves, are in perpetual dread of what they may say next, for with them the wrong thing is ever uttered at the wrong time.

To turn to the other side of the picture. If the merits of the reserved character are of a negative rather than a positive kind, so too are his faults. He at least will not wound the prejudices of society by unguarded expressions, or expose himself to ridicule or odium. Persons can not well be communicative without being confidential. Like the Athenian reformer, who "took the people into partnership," they do not hesitate to admit whoever will be admitted into the secrets of their bosom.

Every one will have met persons who, if they have not received a positive rebuff, are ready, after the first ten minutes' acquaintance, to lay bare all the inmost recesses of their heart. Give them but the opportunity, and there is no subject in heaven or earth on which they will not utter their opinion. Their position in life, their past, present, and future, their hopes for time and for eternity, will all be poured forth in rapid succession. Their sentiments seem to be like money in the school-boy's pocket—if they keep them to themselves they have no peace. The history of their family, of their fortunes, of their loves, will all be narrated with exuberant frankness and simplicity. It may be that the hearer who is intrusted with these confidences should consider himself highly favored among men. But just as the attentions of flirtation are the less valued because they are so liberally dispensed, so, too, these communications, being withheld from none, are gradually regarded as no special indications of favor or sincerity.

What is the real motive of this enthusiastic unreserve? Do people really believe that what is interesting to themselves must interest all whom they meet; and that, in proclaiming what they think and do, they are but discharging their bounden duty to contribute to the edification and amusement of society in general? But the over-communicative are, as a rule, impatient of each other. They are never fully satisfied or pleased unless they are conscious of the presence of a certain passive and receptive element which they do not themselves possess. Nor can the passion to confide be taken as a mark of extreme sincerity; experience teaches that excessive protestation is more generally accompanied by the reverse. It is hardly fair to say that it is altogether the result of selfishness or conceit.

At the same time certain cases of communicativeness, in which persons of ability have thought it necessary to lay before the world printed statements relating purely to their domestic concerns, can not well be referred to any thing but conceit, or, what is much the same thing, excessive self-consciousness—the idea that what affects them must in some way or other affect all mankind besides. Communicativeness, however, seems principally to proceed from want of tact, or thoughtlessness and absence of self-control. The same spirit which prompts people to be communicative might prompt them to strong words or stronger actions.

But the form which it assumes in extreme cases is generally ridiculous rather than any thing else. The case of a certain Mr. Riley, who, a year or two ago, thought fit to publish in the columns of the newspaper of his native town a list of the reasons which impelled him to marry his factory-girl Mary Jane, may not have been yet forgotten. Mr. Riley was only a *reductio ad absurdum* of the ordinary communicative character. He could not be happy without giving to his fellow-men an account of the workings and impulses of his own mind. If the result was more absurd than usual, it was perhaps his misfortune rather than his fault.

But the communicative character is seldom seen in its most perfect development in men. Whether it be owing to the fact that it is difficult to hint with sufficient delicacy to a lady that she is a bore, or that ladies have not an equal number of conversational topics at their disposal, and so are obliged to speak with greater fullness on those which they have, this trait seems peculiarly to belong to the feminine mind. Yet even here experience of the world and contact with society render it far less prominent than it appears in a state of primeval simplicity. The matured young lady, who is enjoying her eighth or ninth season, is far less gushing than the debutante who has but just emerged from her school-girl chrysalis; and the discretion and reserve of the well-practiced London wife and mother far surpass that of the country parson's lady, who spends her lifetime immured in the solitudes of Mudbury-cum-Littleton. If the confidences of the wife are possessed of a charm which those of the husband lack, they are not without their peculiar drawbacks.

When a lady insists upon pouring into our ears a long tale of domestic grievances, of the weakness of human nature as displayed in the race of servants, and of the vanity of all things, a tax is laid upon our politeness which is not felt in the case of masculine communications. We must assume a virtue, if we have it not;

and though we may be secretly longing for a check upon the torrent of trustfulness which the fair speaker pours forth, a semblance of attention and interest must be preserved. This wish may not be always confined to the immediately intended receptacle of these confidences. The husband who is aware of the prattling propensities of his better-half, if he happens to be looking on at the time, can hardly be altogether at his ease. A sensitive man who is blessed with a partner so open-hearted and unreserved will not relish having the secrets of his domestic life intrusted to each casual confidant. He will sit uneasily in his chair, will frown, will endeavor to turn the conversation to some more general topic. But in vain; he must patiently endure to the end.

Meanwhile the position of the victim of feminine confidences is far from comfortable. On the one hand he must not offend the wife by inattention; on the other, he knows that the unfortunate husband wishes him any where but near his wife. He is compelled to hear of the golden past—"before I was married," "when I lived with papa," "when I was at home;" all of which phrases and reminiscences, it is to be believed, can not be otherwise than unsavory to the present lord and master of her who utters them. The victim listens on, and feels uncommonly foolish, inwardly resolving that there shall never occur an opportunity for the repetition of his sufferings.

What is gained by all this? The listener has been bored; the husband possibly pained; and has the wife derived any solid gratification from either of these results? Nothing is more common than to find the mistress of a house, who may have seen wealthier days, overflowing with apologies for defects, real or imaginary, in her household arrangements; while each apology will be supplemented by an allusion to the departed glories of by-gone times. Now this is the result of an effort—involuntary it may be, and unconscious—to create an impression that is really false. She would have persons view both herself and her house, not as they now are, but as they have been, trusting that the mention of her former higher estate will shed a luster of unreal splendor over her present comparative humility. She would wish her acquaintance, who have no pretensions to being fine people, to believe that, in spite of what may seem to be the case, she is really not as one of themselves, but superior in every way as Hyperion to a satyr.

Such persons are peculiarly objectionable; there is an intolerable air of patronage about them. None can care for associating with those

who seem to wish it to be thought that their presence confers a benefit upon the society in which they may condescend to move. This tendency is in reality only one of the manifestations of a communicative spirit. What, then, is to become of the warm, impulsive nature which yearns for sympathy, and pants for some kindred spirit to whom it may reveal its hidden thoughts? Must it never be confidential? is it never to break through the cold crust of conventional reserve, or to pour into the human ear its tale of hopes and fears, of hates and loves?

It would be hard to deprive those who are thus constituted of what is to them an inexpressible satisfaction. Only let them use discretion; let them admit, by all means, the friend of their choice, who will doubtless duly appreciate the privilege, into the sanctum of their hearts; but let them be content with this. The sympathy which they love is not to be found every-where. Society is selfish, and it is better that only the tried and true should be the objects of their confidences, lest they should find that they have, after all, cast their pearls before swine. It is dangerous to seek to have too many confidential friends; the essence of intimate friendship is its limitation. To confide in every body, means to be confided in and trusted by nobody. A person who is always ready to impart his own secrets to each stray acquaintance, will be equally ready to impart those of others. And even with the chosen few there are certain limits which it is dangerous to transgress.

Excess of communicativeness has destroyed many friendships; it has led persons to open their hearts upon certain subjects which, when the fit of enthusiasm has passed, they think it would have been better to have kept back even from the friend of their bosom. The next time they meet their confidant, they exhibit a caution which in them amounts to a suspicion. *Hinc iræ*. There are some points concerning one's self which it is best never to mention to others. To do so implies a want of delicacy and self-respect, and can not but render a man more or less contemptible in the sight of others.

There is a difference between babbling and frankness, between mystery and reserve. On this point there can be no better advice than that contained in the words of a certain philosopher who lived some two thousand years ago: "Let each one find out his own natural bent, and go rather in the opposite direction, for so he will reach the mean." And the theory of the mean, notwithstanding its many drawbacks and difficulties, might with advantage be kept constantly in view by those who are destitute of fine perceptions and of habitual self-control.

AN ESSAY ON BLUSHING.

READER, has the thought ever occurred to you in moments of self-communion, when fancy, tripping in gleesome measure through the musing soul, toys with its most intricate and pleasant feelings, that but two things possess the power of blushing?

In all the varied and beautiful phenomena of life, and throughout the vast and wonderful scope of God's visible creation, the capacity of blushing can be said to be inherent only in the face of man and in that of heaven, the blue empyrean from whose eternal fountains of light the cycling seasons flow, filling the world with melody.

When the scintillant stars move in scattered ranks from the azure plain, following their pale-eyed queen as she droops wearily into the western waves, or are extinguished one by one in the billowy flood of gray that pours from the Orient like a heaving sea, precursive of the dawn, we perceive the ineffable purity of the horizon assuming a new tint of beauty. A faint, scarcely definable shade of pink streams softly upward; with diminishing speed it mounts above the hazy outline of the lesser hills, slowly overtops the dusky peak of the mountain itself, but, failing to reach the morning star, whose golden flame still glimmers bravely on the verge of night, it loses itself finally in the desert gray of the zenith.

A momentary suspense seems to give the assurance that sturdy old Night is preparing herself to oppose the slow advance of day. The fairest of her starry host still gleams defiantly from her solitary bulwark, apparently determined that a second Thermopylæ shall greet the swift marshaling cohorts of the imperial sun. Suddenly a fan-like discharge of ever-changing colors, vermilion, scarlet, saffron, orange, purple, and amber, is hurled from behind a low barricade of fleecy clouds; shaft after shaft, with indescribable splendor and marvelous speed, shoots up the sky, and, far beyond the zenith even, glancing arrows of light drop upon the floor of heaven. A gleaming flood of purple-tinted light, dazzling the eyes like waves of lava streaming from the mouth of some burning volcano, begins to overflow the fading barricade of clouds, and preceded by an exquisitely delicate rose color, submerges the entire heavens. Our brave and solitary morning star, the crowned Leonidas of the sky, pierced with arrows of celestial light, overwhelmed with an effulgence of glory, compared to which his own is as an atom to the universe, yields himself to the inevitable and expires.

The lark is already chanting her accustomed hymn to the still unrisen sun; the pulse of awakening life throbs audibly in the valleys; the plow-boy whistles cheerily in the glen; the haste and confusion of a routed army seems to pervade the mists, which had placidly encamped upon the neighboring plains during the night; the hamlet smoke ascends lazily from the shining roof and blends with the flying shadows; the mountain thrusts slowly aside the veil which had hid its solemn brow from the inquisitive stars, and Aurora, again revealed in all her charms, proclaims with many a blush the birth of day.

Of all the mysterious powers of the human heart, whose signs are outwardly visible, is the capacity it possesses of suffusing the face with blushes. It is one of the most beautiful and suggestive traits distinguishing the human from the merely animal creation. Truly, were no other signs present in the human face divine than this, we think this wondrous power alone would justly entitle it to the exalted epithets applied to it by the poets.

How beautifully it embellishes even the homeliest face! How radiantly its rosy glow spreads to the very brow, adding new beauty to every outline, and casting additional grace upon every feature! How transparently it mirrors every varying shade of pleasure, every feeling of rapture and surprise, every pulse of excitement or throb of subtle shame! The blush in its mysterious connection with the various phases of the soul, gives us, with wonderful fidelity in many cases, an insight into the nobler features of character of those with whom we associate. In all, except abnormal cases, we deem the assertion susceptible of proof that in nearly exact proportion to the brightness or darkness of the moral sky surrounding the spirit of every individual are the manifestations of the principle we call "blushing." If the moral sky is unsullied, radiant, and beautiful as that which bends above us in our fairest dreams, then will every blush that mantles in roseate hues to the cheek bespeak the rare and living light of the soul that gave it birth. On the other hand, in like gradation, the decreasing intensity and purity of this familiar apparition indicates to the skilled physiognomist the extent of its variation from the true attitude of moral excellence in others.

The heaped, gloomy, and impenetrable clouds, in which the storm incases himself ere he hurls his hissing bolts of fire, cover as with a pall the face of heaven, and cast portentous shadows upon the earth; our straining vision fails to see the beauty of the sun and the glory of the

Summer sky. Even so the shadows of crime and the ghostly clouds of self-accusing guilt hover over and obscure with increasing gloom the faces of those whose deeds are evil and whose thoughts are foul. In the souls of these self-condemned outcasts of heaven a tiny ray, a scarcely perceivable glimmer of inherent celestial light, may still remain—a spark of Jehovah's fire, marking the spot where stood, in years gone by, his sacred shrine; but the bright reflex of its pristine glory has vanished from the face, the living blush of innocence is dead—forever!

We will not endeavor to trace still further the emotions and innumerable shades of feeling which, acting upon the deep fountains of the heart, cause their swift tides to rush in every vein, and the dawn-glory of the soul to stream from the face. These causes reveal themselves to every reflecting mind; the key to this human problem can be found by every heart of feeling and refinement.

It is evident that the same Divine inspiration of the soul governs every manifestation of the principle we have endeavored to illustrate. The blush that flits faintly over the velvet cheek of childhood when it feels the caressing arm of a stranger has its secret fountain in the same depths of exquisite spiritual sensibility, from which the glorifying blushes spring that paint the cheeks of the bride as she retires from the altar with the nuptial kiss still warm upon her tremulous lips.

It is also the proof of the activity of an ethereal principle within us, strongly manifested through the transparent medium of the flesh. In this beautiful power, so lightly esteemed by many, we perceive a spark of the eternal fire of heaven, which, though it illuminates only momentarily our fallen nature, reveals to us the affinity we bear to a nobler and more glorious existence—an existence we can only realize when the walls of our mortality shall have crumbled into dust, and the soul, divested of sin, and clad in the robe of an angel, ascends through the golden dawn-gates of the resurrection to its mansion of eternal peace.

HARD be his fate who makes no childhood happy; it is so easy. It does not require wealth, or position, or fame; only a little kindness and the tact which it inspires. Give a child a chance to love, to play, to exercise his imagination and affections, and he will be happy. Give him the conditions of health—simple food, air, exercise, and a little variety in his occupations, and he will be happy and expand in happiness.

HOW TO GET A HEARING.

ALL men are criers. One hawks fresh fish, another fresh philosophies. One tries to make *tout le monde* believe that never before were *such* fish offered in the market; the other, that never before were *such* philosophies opened to men. Whether a man hawks an edible or an idea, the main point seems to be to catch the public eye and ear. All cry their wares. Some faint voices are drowned in the din, and are not heard beyond the nearest corner; yet, if you bend to the saddest and sourest, you find he had some scheme that would have made his fortune, if the world could only have been brought to understand and buy. Others stand on pinnacles, and send their clarion notes wide over continents and seas, while the peoples look up in wonder. The few succeed; the millions fail.

If all who live common lives, and die common deaths, were to confess the truth, ninety-nine of every hundred would say, "Yes, I've had my dream. I did expect to make far more of myself than I have done." In business life, failures are the rule; successes the exception. General Dearborn, for many years collector in the port of Boston, said in a public address, "After an extensive acquaintance with business men, I am satisfied that among one hundred merchants and traders, not more than three ever acquire independence." This startling statement induced close examination of the memorandums of the Long Wharf, in 1800 and 1840. Of the men engaged in business there, during that period, only five of one hundred remained. The other ninety-five had failed or died insolvent. What a record of disappointments! Each of these ninety-five failures once felt himself a probable merchant prince.

In mechanics how many have failed of success! If all the "models" of inventions upon which men have spent years, and which have turned out only useless lumber, could be gathered together, what a pyramid of rubbish would they make! How many artists, brushing their hair before the glass, have fancied their portraits hanging in the gallery of renown, beside those of Raphael and Michael Angelo—artists, who were never known except to be laughed at for wasting paint and canvas! How many literary people have expected, morning after morning, to wake up and find themselves famous! How many bulbs of poesy have been planted, which might have flowered into an *Iliad*, *Paradise Lost*, *Hiawatha*, or *Aurora Leigh*, but never did! One may as well face this matter fairly. The chances of success are to those of failure,

as one to a hundred. So if you set out to do or be somewhat in the world, you had better study thoroughly the philosophy of achievement.

We will not waste time in talking about money-getting; for success in that scramble, is usually the most pitiable failure; and the world is full of directions for piling one penny upon another, till you have enough to buy a marble front mausoleum full of miseries. If one earnestly desires to do a high and good thing, that shall make his memory as "ointment poured forth," it may not be so very difficult after all. First, I would say, think out something that the world needs. The world is greedy enough, in person, mind, and morals; but it has too much on its hands to bother with planning new and easier modes of doing the old work. If you piece out the muscle or brain of ten people, they will vote your machine or your essay the one fine thing. The more you help, the more you will be thought of. The wider your sympathies, the keener your eye, the more deft your hand, the broader will be your success. The world needed to learn its letters. A German saw the need, and set about meeting it. He succeeded, and the art of printing shoved the hand half-way round the dial-plate of civilization. Men were tired of their snail-paced traveling. Fulton understood it, and planned steam navigation. The New World wanted to whisper in the ear of the Old, thousands of miles away. So Franklin, Morse, and Field wrought out the cable.

In literature, the needs are less palpable, but more positive. The men and women who have made the successful books are they who have studied the want, and worked patiently and hard to meet it. Some imagine that inventions are merely the good chances of lucky people; and fine books spring from the effervescences of genius, like Venus from the sea foam. It may be understood, some day, that there is no such thing as chance, but all events are according to law; and Agassiz is not far from right in his definition of genius—"capacity for an infinity of work." Given; a want, and enough strong thought and work in its direction, and the result is the need met.

I know inventors are visionary, thriftless persons, according to the world's verdict prior to success. I have read, too, of a Western lawyer, who used to stretch his uncouth length upon a lounge, and, as it seemed, study the evolutions of the flies upon the ceiling, for hours at a time, instead of delving in his books, and trying to make something of himself. It came out, however, that the weightiest problems of nineteenth century civilization were being

turned over, and "bounded North, South, East, and West," in that great tough brain; and when the time came for action, it was found that Abraham Lincoln was equal to the momentous questions involving our nation's life.

If you would work out plans that shall move men mightily toward God, do not mistake, as most people do in their religious experience—overlook the thing to do, because it is so simple. When the right thoughts come to you, they will not have horns or halos; they will look quite like their every-day brethren. The difference will be, they will fit in somewhere, where the world has a lack, and it will be glad enough to take them at your hands. That you may understand this, you must not make your library your only workshop. Delve in books for the necessary discipline—to get your thought force "in hand," then study yourself, study the family, study society, study the world's necessity. When your thought is strong enough and brave enough, you will strike a lead—as sure as law. If you are set to preach to a churchful of people, or by a published article to a cityful, instead of, "How can I make a good sermon, or readable essay?" ask, rather, "What can I think out that these people ought to know?" You are not fit to attempt such work, unless your thought has gone out beyond theirs after what they need. Depend upon it, if you have the thing the world must have, sooner or later, it will take it at your price.

A prime element of success is work. The formulas of achievement are usually read wrong. They do not stand—much talent and little work; but oftener—medium talent and much work. The most brilliant coruscations of the most fitful men of genius are found to be the result of close study. For instance, Poe's "Raven." No mechanist ever put together a complex machine, with more exact weighing, measuring, and adjustment of parts, than did the uncertain Poe those lines of Pathos. Even to the effect of the long O in the refrain, every particle of power in the poem was the result of closest calculation. It is work that wins.

You must forget yourself in your effort. Having thought of a thing the world wants done, having wrought upon it till you feel that the last ounce of your power is put into it, and it is not possible for you to make it better, unless you wait to grow awhile, you must forget your personality in the thing you have done. This will save you from that silly sensitiveness that takes up half the efficiency of some good people. Never mind the *on dit*. Here is a thing to be done for God and man; you can do it, if you work hard enough, and it will pay.

The world uses workers, very much as the court of the Caliph Musa al Hadi did the old philosopher Al Raschid. They banished him fourteen times, because he always had an unpleasant truth on his lips, and called him back fourteen times, because they saw how well he could spare them. Never mind the snubs. The world trains its workers as eagles teach their young to fly; pushing them from the nest, and forcing them to use their wings, no matter how great the terror. Now and then a fine eaglet gets its pinions caught in the brambles, and is pierced to death—the way Keats died, you remember; but that does not change the rule.

The world shakes its gray old head, and pushes you back, that you may use your strength in crowding up, and elbowing for yourself standing room. You cry your wares. It goes by, deigning hardly a glance at them. It knows though when you have the thing it wants; and when it sees you forget yourself, caring for none of its slights, and only wishing to meet its need, it turns back and gives you a better bargain than you dared hope for. Columbus cried a new continent on all the maritime street corners for eighteen years before he could get a hearing. America lay just across the water waiting to be discovered, but it was long before one was found with work, and patience, and faith enough to be the man of the grand discovery.

Having done all else, you must trust God to make way for you. He may seem to forget you. Never fear; he is only teaching you to forget yourself. The Lord Christ, of all his wonderful works, wrought never one for himself. God's power arches over us, like the deep-blue sky. His love surrounds us, like the atmosphere. He sits enthroned above the bewildering circlings of stars and suns. "We are poor and needy, yet he thinketh upon us." His law touches alike every point of the wide universe, and the tiny world in a drop of water. Nothing can really succeed that is not in harmony with his will, and under the sunlight of his blessing.

All men and women who have done truly noble work, have wrought to a human need, with all their might, self-forgetfully, and trusting in God for success.

It costs something to be a true Christian. Let that never be forgotten. To be a mere nominal Christian, and go to Church is cheap and easy work. But to hear Christ's voice, and follow Christ, and believe in Christ, requires much self-denial. It will cost us our sins and our self-righteousness and our ease, and our worldliness.

THE "UPPER ROOM."

THE chamber has always been an emblem of seclusion, of quietness and repose. From the little room prepared for the prophet by the Shunammite, with its simple furniture of bed, and stool, and candle-stick, to the chamber opening toward the east, whose name was Peace, where Bunyan's pilgrim slept and was refreshed, an upper room has always its own peculiar charm. It is nearer heaven, it breathes a purer air and commands a broader view than the rooms below. Its very difficulty of access makes it an object of desire, as we always prize most highly what we toil the hardest to obtain. How cheerfully we climb the long stairways of a many-storied city residence for the sake of an outlook over the dusky walls on some blue reach of lake or ocean, some charming landscape lying in all the repose and loveliness of nature beyond the turbulent city streets!

The chamber witnesses some of the most sacred hours of life. The daily semblance of birth and death, the waking to life with each new day, the mute, unconscious gliding into the realm of silence and shadows every night, the earnest purposes and strong resolves of the morning, the sober thoughtfulness, the keen self-questioning, the tear of penitence, the prayer of trust which close the day—these are sacred confidences which the chamber walls will never disclose. Neither will they tell of the hours when you retire to wrestle alone with some overwhelming passion or despair, nor chide you with idleness when, tired out in the conflict of life, you come to their quiet realm for rest.

But there are deeper thoughts and tenderer associations than these which make the chamber a hallowed place. It was in an "upper room" that our Lord ate the last supper with his disciples; where he instituted that touching memorial of himself which should descend to all the ages; where he uttered those words of infinite tenderness which strengthened the hearts of his followers for the ordeal awaiting them, and left a sacred legacy of peace for all mankind.

A few more days passed on—days of solemn and awful significance, days to which all the types and shadows of centuries gone had pointed, from which all the coming ages should derive their light—the shepherd was smitten and the sheep were scattered abroad; hearts overwhelmed with dismay and anguish by the death of Him whom they trusted to redeem Israel had been filled with joy by his rising from the tomb, and finally with awe and wonder

by the ascent from Mount Olivet, when the disciples again assembled in an upper room.

And here, it seems to me, is the most thrilling moment in the whole history of Christianity. That little band of men, bereft of their leader, the promised power "from on high" not yet descended, alone in the midst of a hostile city, with a whole world lying in wickedness around them into every part of which they were commissioned to go, overturning old, time-honored superstitions and rooting out established, inbred faiths by the simple preaching of a crucified malefactor—was it the dream of a wild enthusiast that sustained them, or was it the inspiration of God? The event has triumphantly answered this question, and placed in bold relief the unparalleled sublimity of that hour.

It was in perfect harmony with God's method of working that the power which he had chosen for the regeneration of the world should be left for a time in its own native weakness and defencelessness, that the excellency of the power might be known to be of God. Thus it was, too, in after years, when the Church had fallen from her high position as an angel of light and become a blot and a deformity, that the instrument of her restoration was not found on kingly throne or in priestly palace, but in the cell of an obscure and humble monk; and later still, when the time was ripe for the distant isles of the sea to hear the Word of God, a student's chamber became the sacred auditory where the call for messengers was heard and obeyed.

Viewed in the light of such events as these, the chamber means not only rest but power—power of that quiet, unobtrusive kind which, nourished in secret and working silently, is stronger than all the noisy strife of earth, and overcomes the world because it is born of God.

Let us cherish, then, all the sweet and hallowed associations of the upper room. Let us learn to love retirement, not for the sake of escaping life's active duties, but as a means of gathering refreshment and strength for the work which demands all our energies. Let the room where we spend our quiet hours be at once an outgrowth and a helper of the soul's best life by making its furniture and appointments such that all its suggestions shall be refining and elevating. Let beautiful landscapes greet us from its windows and gems of art adorn its walls. Allow no tawdry ornaments, no appearance of ostentation and display; let neatness, simplicity, and taste pervade the whole apartment; let flowers be there to speak in the "alphabet of angels," and books, not of the "grand old masters"—leave such in the

study for working hours—but those of which the poet says,

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
Which follows after prayer."

Keep there some mementoes of absent or departed friends, that in the silence they may come and speak to you. Preserve some reminders of your own past life—the shells you gathered on the sea-shore, a piece of furniture from the dear old house you lived in once, a flower or a ribbon worn on a day you love to remember. Thus shall silence become vocal and solitude the best of company, and your "upper room" the most charming place in all the world.

LOVING THE CHILDREN.

A THOUGHT FOR TEACHERS.

SOME teachers make the mistake of supposing that a love for the work and a love for the children are one and the same thing. The two things are certainly separable in thought, and they are often actually separated in action. It is of some importance to teachers to remember the difference.

We see persons every day struggling with all their might to accomplish certain results. They have certain ideas which they wish to realize, certain theories which they wish to verify. To bring about these results is a matter of pride with them. So that the end is gained, the means to be used are a matter of comparative indifference. Their heart is set on the result; they care nothing for the machinery by which it is brought about. Now, so long as the work is of a nature which requires only the use of mechanical powers, or of mere brute force, it is all very well. The sculptor need not fall in love with the block of marble on which he is working, in order to realize from it the conception of his mind. The engine which carries us thirty miles an hour toward the goal of our desires, will not speed us more or less for not being an object of our affections. But every man has a natural and proper dislike to becoming a mere machine for carrying out the schemes of others. Children especially revolt at being treated in this way. If a teacher take the charge of a class or of a school for the purpose of showing to himself or to others how certain things may be done, the children are quick to find it out and to resent it. No child, however humble or obscure, but feels indignant at being considered as a mere pawn upon a chess-board, or a mere wheel or pulley in some complicated piece of

machinery. Every individual child is to itself the center of all human interests, and if you are to have any real and abiding influence upon him, he must first feel that you have a regard for himself, in his own proper person, independently of any schemes or plans of your own.

You may love to see your children all present punctually—to see them making a good appearance, and by their orderly behavior and manners helping forward the school generally; you may love the work of teaching as giving you honorable and useful occupation; but something more than this is wanting, *you must love the children*. You must love each particular child. You must become interested in each child, not for what it is to you, or to the class, or to the school, but for what it is in itself, as a precious jewel, to be loved and admired for those immortal qualities and capacities which belong to it as a human being. No matter how degraded, or depraved, or forbidding in appearance that child may be, it has qualities which, if brought out, may make it more glorious than an angel. If Jesus loved him, you may love him. Jesus did not stand off at a distance from the loathsome and filthy leper while performing the miracle of healing. He first "touched" the leper and said, "Be thou clean." We are sometimes too fastidious in our benevolence, and shrink too much from coming into contact with those whom we would befriend.

Little real influence is ever produced upon any human being without creating between you and him a bond of sympathy. If we would work strongly and efficiently upon the minds of children we must really love them, not in the abstract, not in a general way, but concretely and individually. We must love John, and William, and Mary, and Susie simply and purely because he or she is, in himself or herself alone, an object of true interest and affection. In looking over a school it is not difficult to discover at a glance which teachers thus love their children. It speaks in every word from the lips; it beams in every look from the eyes; it thrills in every tone of the voice; it has a language in the very touch of the hand and the movement of the person.

Some persons are naturally more fond of children than others are. But those not naturally thus inclined may cultivate the disposition. They must do so if they mean to be teachers. No one is fitted to be a teacher who has not learned to sympathize with the real wants and feelings of children. Pretense here is all wasted. Shams may do with grown persons sometimes, never with children. They have an instinctive perception of what is genuine and what is pretended in professed love for them. In fact, the

way to win the affection of a child is to love him, not to make professions of love.

It is not always the easiest thing in the world to exercise this love. A teacher may have the charge of a class of children whose appearance, manners, and dispositions are exceedingly forbidding, perhaps even loathsome. Yet observation and study will ordinarily discover some good quality even in the worst and most degraded. A talent for discovering what is good in a child is much more important in the work of elevating him than the smartness at detecting and exposing his tricks, in which some teachers take pride. It is a bad sign, though not an uncommon one, to see evidences of cunning in a teacher. Better by far to be outwitted and duped occasionally than to forfeit that character of perfect sincerity and straightforwardness, which secures the confidence of a child. The teacher who would love his children, particularly if he happens to have been intrusted with an unpromising class, must learn to wear the spectacles of charity. He must cultivate the habit of seeing things in their best light. While not blind to faults, he must be prompt and eagle-eyed to spy out every indication of good. Above all, he must remember that no human soul, however degraded, is without some elements and possibilities of good, for whom there is the possibility that Christ died.

SOURCE OF HOME HAPPINESS.

MAN presides over the warfare of life; to woman it is left to regulate its peace. Man provides the means of comfort. There are few stations in life where man is not in some respects a worker—glad to seek rest and cheerful enjoyment when the toils of the day are past. Whether it be the bustle of business or the cares of State, the fatigues of sport or the labors of professional duties, to every man there is given work for the day; to woman it is left to offer him a pleasant home in the evening, or to chase him into dangerous scenes abroad. It is not enough that the easy chair, the warm fire side, the good meal, are prepared for the master of the house; bright faces and cheerful words, agreeable amusement and a community of feeling, can alone make the parlor more attractive than the club-room or the theater. To this end, forbearance and love are the necessary agents. Without these no home can be happy. In a true wife will center all those sweet and tender affections which bind a man to the love of his companion and his home—"the only bliss that has survived the fall."

A REQUITED VIGIL.

SHE waited at her casement, while the hills
Doffed their gray cowls, in the dawning, north and
south,

To gird them with the rainbow-scarfs of rills,
When the Sun had kissed the East with ruddy
mouth.

The air had a sound of lightly shaken wings,
And, in the lane, she heard the voice of girls
Who called to her, "The breath of day unfurls
The tents of the morning-glory along the hedge,
On the tulip-tree an oriole sits and sings,
And a reed-bird cries in the sedge."

"Rise up, and lay your sober musings by,
We wait the shallop in the mooring rocks;
Come down, and in your shining ringlets tie
Sweet-streaked pinks and spikes of purple phlox.
Come down, the world is full of love and mirth,
With wine-wet fillets we have bound our doors,
And merry feet of dancers beat the floors,
While viol-music rings a jocund peal;
Come down, the fair are crowned unto their worth
By hearts as strong and leal!"

The voices died, far out a swelling sail
Swam, like a petrel on the lake at noon,
Ungathered roses crossed her fingers pale,
Their red hearts breaking in a fragrant swoon.
The roses from her cheeks were blanched as well,
But steadfast shone the soul from out her eyes,
And holy manna made both sweet and wise
The patient lips that whispered, "Lo, I wait"—
But hark! across the noon the voices fell
Of children at the gate.

"O, come," they cried, "the world is fair i' the sun
The brooks are merry flowing to the sea,
The cunning squirrels in the chestnuts run,
And the butterflies on the fens are a sight to see!
The posies in the wood are all in blow,
There are lady-slippers, and a thousand more.
With cockle blue the fields are running o'er,
And scarlet poppies set the wheat a-fire;
We'll gather them till the sun is low,
We'll be gay and never tire!"

She smiled and answered, "Dear ones, go your way,
And may a loving angel walk beside,
But I have other tryst to keep to-day
Than gleaning flowers in the forest wide."
The children's song was echoed from the down,
The doves went softly talking each to each,
It was so still she heard a mellow peach
That broke from boughs upon the garden wall;
The sunset stained the steeples of the town,
And the night began to fall.

"The sunset's gold is like a shattered lance,
That melts in glitt'ring fragments from the sky;
O, maiden, let your tender, earthward glance
Outshine the moonlight from your casement high!
The lilies listen to the ruder breeze,

VOL. XXVIII.—29

O, love, I'd keep you full as white as they,
My heart should hold you from the grimy way—
Then come, with truth and pensive beauty stoled,
And hear beneath trees the fitful boughs of trees
The tale that grows not old."

The lover spoke, and hearkened for her tread;
No footstep chased the silence from her stair,
But yet, beside the casement overhead,
Her face was lifted up in praise or prayer.
"Not mine," she said, "are love and wedding chimes,
I keep a holy vigil from this hour;
May Christ my weary soul with patience dower
Till he doth make his mercy manifest!"
A footstep crunched beneath the walk of limes
And a bird was scared from its rest.

She watched the midnight come and go, alone,
The hours crept on toward the voiceful dawn,
It came, and found the casement open thrown,
The vigil finished, and the watcher gone!
A sound as of smitten harps, more felt than heard,
A shimmer of robes, a sweep of spirit wings,
A fragrance finer than the south wind brings,
Were silently transfused throughout the air—
Ah, his shining hosts, to welcome her, had stirred
When the world was not aware!

THOUGHTS AFTER SUNSET.

God giveth songs in the night.—JOB xxxv, 18.

VOICE of the quiet night,*
Speak to my waiting heart,
And to each jarring passion there
Thy sacred peace impart.

How placid is yon lake,
How silent is the sky,
The very winds have held their peace,
As evening passes by!

No voice nor speech is heard—
The music of the spheres
Breathes its seraphic beauty out,
Only to Heaven-taught ears.

The patriarch, full of woe,
Songs in the night could hear;
Harp-notes of heavenly minstrelsy,
When only God was near.

And still, O, loving night,
On thy indulgent breast
The orphan's tear, the widow's wail,
By thee are hushed to rest.

So be my spirit soothed
With all thy voiceless power,
Nor care, nor strife, nor sin invade
This calm, still, evening hour.

Come, gentle, holy night,
Infold me in thy wing,
And ere I sleep, unheard by man,
Thy Maker's praise I'll sing.

WESLEY AND HIS TIMES.

WHEN George II was on the throne a dark cloud hung over the land, and the vials of Divine wrath seemed almost full. The literature of the age was corrupt and irreligious, and the moral condition of society bore no doubtful aspect. The popular novelists were Smollett and Fielding, and divinity was profaned by the ribaldries of Swift and Sterne. There was a looseness of thought among the orthodox which led to looseness of life, and the words of the preachers were powerless. The shepherds were profligate or idle, and the sheep looked up and were not fed.

The living of Epworth was held in the early years of last century by a noble man, Samuel Wesley, who inherited the independence of spirit of his ancestors. From him descended Bartholomew Wesley, whose son John was the father of Samuel Wesley and the grandfather of the founder of Methodism. John Wesley (the grandfather) suffered repeated imprisonments for conscience' sake. Samuel inherited the strong soul of his father. His design at first was to be a Dissenting minister, but he afterward decided to become a clergyman, and went to Oxford and studied at Exeter College. After his marriage he obtained a curacy in London, and was "passing rich on thirty pounds a year." For years he received but fifty pounds and "one child additional per annum." He afterward succeeded to the living of Epworth, with a nominal salary of £200, a large portion of which never reached him. Out of this he had to sustain nineteen hostages to society, eleven of whom reached maturity. At Epworth Samuel Wesley's faithful ministry gave great offense. The mob drummed under his windows and broke his doors, wounded his cattle, stole his tithe-corn, and set fire to his house. But amid all his courage sustained him. He was arrested for a small debt and confined in Lincoln prison, where he preached to the prisoners, and from whence he wrote to the Archbishop of York, informing him that he was likely to do more good in his new "parish" than ever he did in his old one.

John Wesley, however, was more deeply indebted to that elect lady, Susannah Wesley, who, in all galleries of noble women, would hold an honored place. She was exemplary in the discharge of every duty, and throughout a complete character. When her husband was absent she held services in the kitchen. She had to endure years of struggle, and even to take the rings from her fingers to minister to the comfort of her husband. She mourned for

nine children dead, and also over the sorrows of those living. She was one of those characters which shine without an effort, and daily held converse with the place where she had hidden her treasure. She was not an angel, but a dearer being, and lived in the reverent memory of her children. When about to die she said to those assembled around her bed, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a song of praise to God," and heaven was the richer for another of those noble women.

John Wesley was six years of age when the rectory was burnt down, and at thirteen was sent to the Charterhouse. The discipline of his mother had prepared him for this change, and he was neither crushed by the fagging system nor made a despot. As showing his methodical habits, nothing prevented him from thrice every morning, for exercise, making the circuit of the garden. He had early an undefined impression of a great future before him, and subordinated every thing to that future. God's works are marvelous. The sower sows the seed, and the birds steal some of it; but they may be sent to feed some starving Elijah. Man, in the ardor of the enterprise, thunders to the living; but when God speaks he speaks to the valley of dry bones. When damp grass waves on the graves of the departed, their spirits walk the earth in a prophetic resurrection, and it is ours to follow where their ashes lead the way.

Three hundred years had passed since the fire had consumed the body of Jerome at Constance, and afterward Huss, and a puny vengeance had been wreaked on Wiclif's bones; but the doctrine of the Reformers had spread, and the Bohemian peasantry arose to throw off the yoke. Through twenty years of persecution the truth was preserved, and from the Moravian settlement of Herrnhutt the truth spread to many a land, and Gospel triumphs were won among the most hopeless. From visiting Georgia, John Wesley came to London, and attended a select meeting of the Moravians. There he met with Peter Bohler, who performed the office of Ananias to this later Paul, and showed Wesley that "the just shall live by faith." On the 24th of May, 1738, the hour of deliverance came. At a meeting in Aldersgate-street, while a layman was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, the assurance was given to him that God had taken away his sins. So that John Huss was the instrument of John Wesley's conversion.

Wesley's mission was now to declare the glad tidings. He did not escape slander, and even Robert Southey had but a dim perception

of the character he would fain have drawn, for "the natural man knoweth not the things of God." Of Wesley's coadjutors, one was at one time a bright, rosy lad, a drawer at an inn, afterward a pale servitor, living on the homeliest food, and but little of that, who tried to fast forty days—George Whitefield, an evangelist such as the world had never seen since Peter the fisherman preached at Pentecost. The directness of his preaching offended the sinful, and his earnestness startled the timid. When the churches were shut he preached in the open air, and when once his voice was heard high and low were subject to his spell. His was a mighty and transforming word. Men saw the scenes he painted, heard the ripple of the Sea of Galilee, or crouched as if they heard the tramp of the nearing demon. Garrick the actor loved to listen to him, and David Hume hearkened till he forgot to sneer. Under his preaching the philosophic Franklin emptied his pockets, and one of his congregation leaped forward to save the blind man whom he was depicting on the edge of a precipice. One who came to hear him, rude and turbulent, said to Whitefield afterward, "I came to break your head, but you have broken my heart." He preached like a lion. At Bartlemy fair, when he preached the players found their occupation gone, and prisoners heard him and wept and trembled. The white lines made by the rolling tears on the faces of the Kingswood colliers told of the emotion his preaching produced. Children loved to hear him, and one little boy who heard him, and had sickened and was near death, said, "Let me go to Mr. Whitefield's God." One week he received a thousand letters from people whom his preaching had impressed.

Whitefield was no organizer, and once, when on a visit to Scotland, some wished to set him right on matters of Church government, but he said his time was wanted for the highways and hedges. His work was preaching, and he knew it. The pulpit was his throne. He said he hoped to die in the pulpit, and after his last sermon, occupying two hours, though he was afflicted with asthma, speaking with a pathos and power he had never surpassed, the people followed him to his house, where, on the stairs, which he was ascending to go to rest, candle in hand, he spoke from the stairway till the candle burnt down to the socket, and the next morning he was not. Time is a great excavator of buried reputations, and Whitefield's is as world-wide as his benevolence and ministry; he was the noblest and grandest embodiment of the Revelation-angel having the Gospel to preach.

Some one has said, "Let me make the ballads of a people and I care not who makes the laws." Charles Wesley was below the middle stature, short-sighted, of a warm temper; when visiting his methodical brother John he would stumble against the table, disarrange the papers, and ask a dozen questions and go without an answer. He entered deeply into the griefs and joys of life. His joy in the work of reformation was ardent and sincere, but his mind clung to opinions which his heart constantly violated. The affection of the two brothers was inviolate, notwithstanding their differences of character. Charles was prudent, John sanguine; Charles was timid, John daring; Charles was a drag, sometimes put on, John thought, unnecessarily. Charles once said to John, "Brother John, if the Lord gave me wings I'd fly." John replied, "Brother Charles, if the Lord told me to fly I'd fly, and leave him to find the wings." The hymns of Charles Wesley touched the heart's deep secrets, and every chord of sublimest and holiest feeling. He has furnished to ten thousand their happiest note of religious joy second only to inspiration, and in cases without number his halleluiah songs have been sung till the singers have caught the sound of the trumpet above.

Among other coadjutors of Wesley were Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who threw the influence of her rank into the movement; Powell Harris, in Wales; James Harvey, pious and scholarly; John Berridge, vicar of Everton, who thought in proverbs; William Romaine, who committed the unpardonable offense of overcrowding St. George's, Hanover Square; William Grimshaw, the West Riding evangelist, the brave trooper, who would chase the men out of the public houses; John Newton, the tamed lion, with an old sailor's fondness for yarns; John Nelson; Mason, who added many stones to the Church; Thomas Oliver, a poet of no mean order; Thomas Coke, who belted the globe and was buried in the sea, as if such a large heart could not be still in a narrower grave; John Fletcher, a man of fine talents and an accomplished scholar, of seraphic piety, and whose face shone like Moses', and with a zeal no labor could satisfy—never country boasted truer hearts and purer lives; they are recorded on high, and in the majority of the world, when men put away childish things, their names will be cherished as the choicest inspiration.

Such were John Wesley's helpers. For half a century his labors were wonderful. He was a man of one business throughout. One of his weeks would fall heavy on some modern

preachers. He preached fifteen sermons a week, and rode 5,000 miles a year on horseback, on roads, too, not educated by Macadam, riding himself into a fever, and preaching himself out of it; sometimes treated like an angel—that is, offered no food. He had a flow of animal spirits, and only remembered one quarter of an hour when they were below zero. John Wesley had a high sense of duty, and had all the human conditions of success. He preached that all men were sinners, the covenant of mercy, and another world. He pressed the truth home. "You are lost," and then when that was fully appreciated, "God is love." He spoke with a prophet's simplicity and a prophet's power. He had to endure slanders and persecutions, and the fossil species of clergy were his bitterest enemies, heading the mob against him, coaxing or threatening magistrates to induce them to punish him, and to consign him to the duck-pond or the pillory.

The nation was divided on the subject of Methodism, it being favored by one part, and by the other hunted down. At Oxford the Methodists were called Bible moths, the "godly club;" they were said to be the allies of the Pretender; in Cornwall they were called Macca-bees; they were said to be Jesuits, to be in correspondence with the Pope, and in league with France; in some parts of Ireland they were called "swaddlers," because one of their preachers on Christmas-day spoke of the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes; they were forbidden from Newgate lest they should make men wicked, and from Bedlam lest they should make men mad. Beadles were arrayed against them, and many were seriously injured by enraged mobs. John Wesley, however, blenched not from his work. In Cornwall, where they treated him once as they would not treat him now, he consoled himself for scanty fare by writing, "Blackberries are plentiful;" and at Walsall he seized upon a sturdy prize-fighter, who had come to disturb his preaching, constrained him to be his escort home, and wrote afterward, "We parted at the door of my lodgings with much love."

Wesley knew how to stand on privileges, and to plead his Roman citizenship. When a pompous magistrate sent a beadle to prohibit him from preaching, Wesley sent the beadle back with the answer that as long as King George allowed him to preach he should not ask a magistrate. Talk of heroes, what were their claims compared to his? Look at his brave life; the mortification of his desires after honor; how he spurned the lust of wealth; little in stature, but great of soul; still as the patient

stars, daring Slander to do her work. His greatness was as noble and good as was ever recommended for glittering orders or embodied in minstrels' songs. Some things in his career might perhaps be spoken against, as his separation from Whitefield; and his ill-judged marriage, three days after which he made the following entry in his journal, the first since that event: "Met the single men of the society, and exhorted them to remain so." Honor, however, grew up for Wesley, and prejudice changed into respect. John Howard heard him preach, and Bishop Lowth sat at his feet. Dr. Johnson was only angry with him because he could never get more than half an hour of his company at a time.

Wesley died in perfect peace, and left a reformed nation as his monument. Wesley's character has outlived more abuse than that of any other man. He has been credited with almost every failing and virtue under the sun. It had been said that he was ambitious, but his ambition was large and lofty, like that of Moses, and he was a ceaseless self-sacrificer, like Paul. It was said he was enthusiastic; but his enthusiasm sprang from a passion to do good, and was sustained by faith in God. He was said to be arbitrary; and no man had greater facilities for being so; but he used his power as a trust neither got by despotic force nor to be used despotically. He was said to have been credulous, but in an age of skepticism he showed in no excess this last infirmity of noble minds. It is true he had not a helpmeet worthy of him; and his ideas on the teaching of children were strange, mainly because he had none of his own. These failings are admitted, and through them we are permitted thus to look upon a face which would otherwise have been bright and dazzling as the sun. His was a manhood coming as near to heaven as the merely human can.

Wesley was a man of great industry, and his frugal use of time can not be sufficiently admired. He had a large correspondence in the days when a letter was a letter. He wrote about 200 volumes, was a classical scholar, and at his death left a society of 70,000 souls. He was always ready for a visit of sympathy; to spend a cheerful evening, or part of one, or to listen to the oratories of "Judith," "Ruth," or the "Messiah." He was an early riser. He read history, philosophy, and poetry on horseback, which no doubt accounted for the many providential deliverances recorded in his journal; when his horse stumbled and he was thrown, he was reading history. In Cornwall, when he could not cross the sands for the tide, he sat

down in a little cottage and translated Aldridge's Life. Wesley's benevolence was never surpassed. He gave away all he had. All his plate consisted of four silver spoons, and, said he, "I shall not buy any more while so many want bread." His chaise, and horse, and clothes were all he left behind, except a good library, a well-worn gown, a much-abused reputation, and the Methodist connection.

There was no asceticism in Wesley's character; he frequently broke out in sportive sallies of innocent mirth, and often used his native humor to record his observations on men and things. It is a mark of a great man that he is in advance of his age. There was scarcely a work among us at the present day that he did not attempt. We have a cheap press, but John Wesley was the first man to write for the million. He also published grammars, dictionaries, etc. He was a tract writer and distributor fifty years before the Tract Society was born. He established orphan-houses and loan-libraries, and the first dispensary was established by John Wesley at the Foundery. He wrote a work on physics which we have the authority of a doctor for saying would compare favorably with many written on the subject at the present day. He was a temperance advocate, and an exposé of Church abuses. He was a law reformer, and spoke of the "villainous tautology of the lawyers." He foresaw the wonders of electricity; and at a time when the nation trafficked in human flesh, and George Whitefield himself owned slaves, he denounced slavery as the "sum of all villainies." The conqueror is decorated with stars, but the breast of the man who drew the plan should glitter too. The reaper should not forget the sower. John Wesley's character was at first like the new moon, with a rugged edge, but still beautiful. He was remarkable for piety, self-sacrifice, and daring; tenderness, benevolence, and control of passion; he had a catholic heart, was full of sympathy, and was a man of scholarly learning. His character was an artistic whole.

LITERATURE has furnished an acceptable instrument for every struggle of the age. She is a shield of righteousness and virtue, a temple to wisdom, a paradise to innocence, a cup of delight to love, a Jacob's ladder to the poet, but also a fierce weapon to party spirit, a plaything for trifling, a stimulant to wantonness, an easy chair to laziness, a spring wheel to gossip, a fashion to vanity, a merchandise to the spirit of gain, and has served like a handmaid, all the great and little, pernicious and useful, noble and mean interests of the time.

THE CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS.

THE calamities of great authors—their frequent poverty; their long-deferred hopes, "making the heart sick;" their sometimes wholly fameless lives; the imprisonments, the public persecutions, the social contempts—now happily of the past—the bodily afflictions which fall so plentifully to their lot—consumption for their youth, or, if escaping this, blindness, or physical exhaustion, or strange disorders of the nerves, or insanity, awaiting like patient Ghouls on their prime and their age—what commiseration, what apprehending grief has been felt because of these *diabolisms* appropriate only for investing as punishments lives of super-eminent sensuality, but investing persistently these lives of super-eminent etherealness! Trouble, tracking their steps as the hound tracks the wounded deer; the pain entering the soul; the iron at white heat scarring its label on the brow, "*This is a genius!*" What wailing songs have been sung by the poet—swan songs for the most part! What eloquent pages have been written by the essayist and the philosopher, who has each in his turn been forced to uplift his sad forehead to receive the like scorching brand!

But design sanctifies life. It also renders it enduring. These great men and women clearly knew for what they lived. Goldsmith, we are told by his biographers, with singular narrowness of sense, wrote "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village," "as he did almost every thing else," to earn money for pressing debts; Milton composed "Paradise Lost" when "old and blind;" Bunyan "filled up the hours of imprisonment" by creating the Christian "Pilgrim's Progress." Did Goldsmith think that he earned only money? Milton, that he but whiled away his time, being old, and amused himself, being blind? Bunyan, that he was doing but some transient good—chiefly to his Baptist brethren? What! Goldsmith not know himself to be sending forth "a thing of beauty" while welding those mellifluous links! Only writing a poem to pay a debt! Milton, alone, incapable of perceiving the grand! Bunyan, alone, unseeing the perfectness of his drama! What if Goldsmith *intended* to be the most finished poet of his day, and of all English days! What if Milton *realized* with a sturdy triumph, that his stately march left the mental stand-point of his day leagues behind! What if Bunyan, writing to do good, knew the while that he was getting famous! The author of "The Traveler" and "The Deserted village" doubtless had sufficient taste and caliber of brain to admire the beauty; John Milton, without conceit, to appreciate the

self-found sublime, and John Bunyan to be charmed with warp and woof of his own wondrous story, and thus these three men, the one harassed, the other blind, the last in prison, must have felt that they had, and were to have, "an exceeding great reward."

Yes, design sanctifies life. It also renders it endurable. I suppose that the first of these men would not have been willing to have foregone his face pock-marked, his fortune poverty-struck, if with these he must have foregone the possibilities of either prose or poetry. I suppose that Milton, when he finished the last page of *Paradise Lost*, thought it well worth becoming blind, if he recognized that he thereby gained respite and repose for this writing, and, above all, I suppose that the "Immortal Dreamer" thanked God in the humblest recesses of his heart for the fortunate wrath of his enemies.

Consider the most obscure and deplorable of these cases. If Milton had not become blind, would he have written *Paradise Lost*? And presuming that he had, would the present generation have heard of it? That age might have had something like this—"Corpus sine pectore." This age has many.

What with Mary Powell and Treatises on Divorce; what with Salmasius and being Latin Secretary; what with Cromwell and Charles Second, his life, jostled into a rough and painful groove, would doubtless have frittered on to its end, soured and undeveloped. But glorious and most fortunate man! it was given him to be blind. The wrath of his enemies saved him to us and to all future time. They disputed his pleas against kingly oppression: noble pleas they were, but necessarily local as to time. They flaunted and jeered him; "his great soul rose in wrath;" one eye was already gone; in vain his physicians warned; he continued the controversy, and his sight was quenched forever. The outward having vanished, this man's realism appeared. The quarrels all consummated, and the possibility of life with other men having ceased, he found the hitherto lacking indispensables—time and quiet; and so the blind man's lips spoke the gorgeous sentences—dictated the wondrous words. And thus this darkness was his light, the shadow of his immortality, and should be our reasonable joy. John Milton sometimes felt in it a great misfortune—God continually saw in it a great poem.

Madame de Stael was unhappy with her first husband, and was only secretly married to her second. Also, Napoleon banished her from passionately loved Paris—afterward from France. What came of it? Immortality. She staid her pilgrim feet awhile in Italy—thence "Co-

rinne;" she sojourned in the land of the Tudors—thence "Germany." She has been in her grave nearly half a century. What keeps her name alive? These two books. She has been pronounced "the greatest female prose writer of any age." What constantly regilds her crown? These stories of the exile, concreted while she wandered about in the companionship of this thing—M. Rocca. All her many other words have died away from the ears of the living.

In the first thought it appears very strange that insanity, or rather, what may be called the insanic temperament, should be the very aberration by which some men have grown famous. But in Cowper's case—among several others—who doubts it? He has been studying law for years; he is thirty, and is appointed Reading Clerk in the House of Lords. Could he have risen in his place and "read" briskly and glibly we could not to-day admire the refined melancholy of "The Task." But he was insanic. He was incapable of being even a clerk of the journals—a much stiller office. Finally, his friends found out, along with himself, that he was incapable of being any clerk at all.

And because he was for years neither a maniac nor an idiot, but simply insanic, he wrote, not grandly, but with more of beautiful and loving heartfulness, it seems to me, than any body else.

The occasional personal allusions of this poet—this man who bent beneath the stroke of God—are mournful beyond expression, and sorrow has a stronger hold upon highly developed intellect, and by consequence upon fame, than joy or love. Who has written thus—who but Cowper?

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet the cruel scars;
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd and bade me live."

Charlotte Brontë has been much pitied because her life was so lonely, so shut away from the world. And Haworth must indeed have been a very dismal place.

"Unstirred by any touch of living breath,
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death."

Or, at least, for all the real companionship it ever was for the Brontës, the life of Haworth might as well have been death. We can fancy the three talented sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, when they had almost no one in the world but themselves for themselves; we can

watch them walking out on the sad moors, noting with keen eyes heather-bloom, birds, clouds, "becks," for these were their society, formed "their set;" we can join them, uninvited guests, in the parsonage parlor, in the Winter evening, when they pace to and fro for hours in the ruddy firelight, talking of their "plans" and their future books, remembering all the while that as yet no triumph, and almost no encouragement, has ever strengthened them or beckoned them on; that all are feeble in health; that outside there is only Haworth, with its rude villagers—Yorkshire, with its rough population; that in many of their most cherished desires they are disappointed, thwarted, sorrowful women; or, drearier still, we can enter that old, gray, stone house, where Charlotte sits alone by the fire, thinking of the tablet in the church just below, on which is freshly graven the name of a strange and gifted being, whose name is now perishing in silence:

EMILY JANE BRONTË:

Died Dec. 19, 1848,

AGED 29 YEARS.

Or of the rain-soaked grave in Scarboro by the sea, of which the same church-tablet had a solemn utterance:

This stone is also dedicated
TO THE MEMORY OF ANNE BRONTË.
She died, aged 27 years, May 28, 1849.

And, having thus entered into her life, what are we forced to conclude? That all was well. If fame is worth any thing it is worth suffering for; and the powerful charm of Charlotte Brontë's writings is the weird and eloquent undertone of a suppressed, sad, but vigilant life, which talks on in unceasing monotone through every plot and every detail. Jane Eyre, written while "there were three," is an Arabesque, whose traced stems and skeletoned branches are live nerves laid bare in the raw air. Shirley, begun when Emily and Anne were slipping out of life, and finished when all was still, is a Ruskin painting, whose background is crowded with dimly featured faces full of pain, but brave repression. Villette is the English woman's Mosaic of suffering. This chief charm has so wrought as to lift its originator "high on the everlasting hills of fame." And how could it in turn have been wrought out of any other life than that of the isolated, the recluse, the exclusively intellectual—how could it have sprung perfected from any other brain than the brain of an acutely sensitive and partially woe-struck woman?

Pitied for the very calamities that preserved them! Does any one think this a hard-hearted way of looking on the misfortunes of many

great men and women? Is it a stoical position? Pain is Nature's method of elevating. Then let us, in view of these great sufferers, be comforted. Nay, rather let us gaze with awe and fear upon this stern Lycurgus fame, which demands such exhaustive sacrifice of ease, self, and pleasure; which, like the cruel Spartan, relents not in the scourge, nor grants the meed of a tardy and difficult praise, till the patient devotees dye with blood or enrich even with life the altar of Orthia.

OLD LORA'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was an evening in May. A heavy thunder-storm had passed over the village, and above the valley still hung dense, black clouds, while from the distant mountains the thunder rolled, sullen and muttering, like a vanquished and departing foe. The beams of the setting sun were mirrored in countless raindrops, which still clung to the trees and shrubs, but, from time to time, moved by the light wind, fell in crystal showers of spray upon the green sod beneath.

The villagers had stepped outside their doors, as villagers must needs do after a thunder-shower, to enjoy the cool, refreshing breeze. Upon a bench before the last house of the little hamlet sat an old woman, weaving a garland of forget-me-nots which a young girl brought from a meadow near by. The garland was finished, and the old woman, laying it upon the stone table before her, glanced thoughtfully upward.

"Aunt Lora," said the maiden, "the wreath is ready. Shall I carry it to the church-yard and hang it upon the cross?"

"No, no, Josepha," was the reply, "I must do it myself. But not now. My old eyes have shed too many tears to-day. To-morrow, early, I will take it. You can place it in water to-night so that it may remain fresh."

"He would indeed have little time," she said softly as if speaking to herself, "to think of old Lora and her garland to-day, for the glories of heaven are unfolded to his vision, and he basks in the morning radiance of eternity. He will also have much to answer, and many things to relate to him they buried in Strasbourg, for it is fifty years since they parted. Ah! that was a sad parting, but the reunion will be only the more joyful, and in the bliss and peace of the heavenly mansions they will forget the cares and sorrows of their earthly pilgrimage."

"Aunt Lora," said Josepha, "as they buried the soldier, Andrew, the people all wept bitterly,

and the old men said, 'His was a loving, faithful soul; may God reward him!'"

"Said they so?" replied the old woman, while an expression of joy passed over her aged features like a beam from the setting sun.

"And, as they bore him to the grave, they also said, 'Now, old Lora will not long survive.' Was Andrew so very dear to you? Why, then, did you not marry? People say that Andrew wished it."

"Ah, people say much; young people especially. But I know that Andrew had not thought of marriage for fifty years," said aunt Lora, looking thoughtfully upon the garland before her.

"Have I grieved you?" asked the young girl after a long silence.

"Not at all, Josepha," returned old Lora gently. "I know not why I need have a secret from my god-child when I have none from my God. You wonder at the strange friendship between Andrew Hofmann and me. Listen, and you shall hear our story. Our friendship dates very far back; for sixty-five years is a long time in this world:

Sixty-five years ago we were children, and went to school together. We loved each other like a brother and sister, and this gave great joy to our parents, who had from infancy designed us for each other. When Andrew was sixteen his father died, and soon after his mother. On her death-bed she appointed my father the guardian of her only child, exacting from him a solemn promise to take the boy home and treat him as his own son.

We were none of us rich. Still, with God's blessing and our daily labor, we had sufficient for our own simple needs, and often something to spare for those more destitute than we.

Once Andrew said that, if our little fortunes were united, a pretty peasant estate might be bought for us. I thought nothing of his words. What did small or great estates matter to me then? Andrew looked into my face as if he expected an answer, and turned away with a mournful glance when none came. I thought over his words, and wondered what they meant. My father had, from time to time, hinted at the same thing, and also the neighbors; so, putting all together, I concluded that it was the intention that Andrew and I should marry.

It made me sad. For though I loved and honored him from my full heart, it was not with that love which, as my husband, he would have deserved from me.

The rich Wilm's son, Franz, was dearer to me than Andrew. He lived over there in the stone house with the great doors—the house which, of late, has been Andrew's. His mother

had died when he was a year old. There was a large fortune on both sides of the house, and, Franz being the sole heir, every father in the village would have been proud to see his daughter the young man's wife. But I cared not for Franz's wealth. I was a young, thoughtless thing, who sought little after gold or great houses.

Franz had a good heart, but with it a hot, froward head. This it was that brought him into misfortune. But he has bitterly atoned for his faults, and I have loved him far better than one should ever love a mortal man. Andrew loved him, too. They say "like seeks like;" but, between these two, it was not so. Franz was ardent, impulsive, literal fire and flame, bent upon having his own way whether it was best or not. Andrew was just the opposite, and yet he was such a friend to Franz as is seldom found in this world.

Franz and I had long felt that we belonged to each other, and I need not have been surprised when, one evening, he entered our house and said, "Bind me a nosegay out of your garden;" and, after I had done this, asked, "Lora, will you be my wife?" Still, as many a one is frightened when, for the first time, his own thought is put into words, so was I. Never till then had I felt the difference between the rich Wilm's Franz and my father's daughter.

I trembled, and replied, "Yes, Franz, if God wills and your father."

"God wills it, Lora, that we know," he said quickly, "and my father will surely consent."

"But if he does not consent," said I anxiously, "then it can not be; for the parents' blessing is God's blessing."

"Leave it to me. By to-morrow I shall know."

I could not close my eyes that night. One moment I hoped, because Franz was loved as a father loves his only son, and Ursel, the house-keeper, would take the part of the boy who, from infancy, had been so dear to her; the next, I was in despair, for the old man was known far and near as avaricious, proud, and hard, and my father was poor, and belonged to the humble village people; yet, most of all, I feared for Franz, whose wayward disposition I well knew.

In the morning Franz's father came up the street. O, how my heart beat as I saw him take the path leading to our lonely house! He little dreamed what this visit would bring to us all, else his step had not been so hasty, his aspect so stern and haughty, nor the "good morning" he gave my father so cold, as he entered the humble room where we had just asked God's blessing upon the day before us.

He waved away, with a haughty motion of the

hand, the chair which I, trembling, placed before him, and said, turning to my father, "Balthos, it is not wise in you and your daughter, to have your eyes on my Franz, for nothing will come of it. Seek a husband for her among her equals."

"And you, young woman," he said, addressing me, "give up all claim to my son. He has an obstinate head, and so have I. If you will not listen to good counsel you will rue it."

My father protested that he knew nothing of the affair. It must be only the speech of people, he said. He was indeed poor, but he esteemed his honor highly as any other man, and before his daughter should press herself into a house where they would look upon her as a beggar lass, he would himself beg from door to door. He then asked me if I knew any thing of this matter. I replied, weeping, that I had given Franz no encouragement, but had told him, yesterday, that I would never marry him without his father's consent; and now, I added, as the father had so plainly and bluntly stated his will, Franz and I must separate.

"So I should certainly hope," replied the old man scornfully, as he left the house.

I feared bitter reproaches from my father, but he was more sorrowful than angry, and gave me no unkind word.

Scarce had the father left our house ere Franz entered. "Has he been here?" he asked hastily. "Do not mind what he has said. He shall not stand between me and the dearest wish of my heart."

"Franz," replied my father calmly, "your father has been here, and has spoken such words to my Lora that I will not regard her as a daughter of mine if she still has one thought for you."

"He shall bitterly rue this," cried Franz passionately.

"Be silent, my son," said my father. "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thy days may be long upon the earth. Go, and God be with you. But I will never see you again under my roof—mark my words—never! And you, Lora, well know what is your duty. This affair is ended."

"Yes, father," I replied submissively; but O, how much those little words cost me! And then I said to Franz, "We have acted thoughtlessly, and must both suffer for it; but let us part good friends."

"What!" exclaimed Franz, and his eyes flashed fire, "will you break your word?"

"I have not given you my word," I answered.

"And even had I done so, I should be in duty bound to break it. Farewell, Franz; may God be with thee and me!"

"Farewell, then, if it must be so. But see if you do not repent this. I know what I will do."

"Franz, Franz!" I cried after him, for a vague feeling of terror came over me. But he had gone, hastily as he came.

CHAPTER II.

My father was a man of few words. He trusted me in all things, for he had reared me in the way of truth, and so, a few moments after Franz's departure, he went out, calmly as usual, to the field.

I seated myself at my spinning-wheel, but a heavy, heavy burden lay at my heart, and as the wheel went round and round it was ever as if I heard some voice repeating in my ear,

"For thee love, joy, and hope are dead."

That evening I heard singing in the village, and thought of the songs Franz and I and our young friends had so often sung under the linden-trees before my father's door. Nearer and nearer came the strains, and above all a single clear, exulting voice rang out—

"O, Strasbourg! O, Strasbourg!
Thou fair and wondrous town!
We soldiers hasten to thee
For death or high renown."

The nearer they came the louder grew the noise of running and leaping in the street, as if something unusual were going on. But curiosity little troubles one who has a secret sorrow, and I had not let my face be seen at the window that whole day. Just then the door opened and Andrew rushed in.

"Lora, Lora!" he cried, "do you know that Franz has taken bounty money from the recruiting officer who is stationed in the town? They say that the officer has offered to take three hundred florins and let Franz go free, but old Wilm declares that he will not give a penny for this wayward boy. As he has made his bed so he must lie in it; and Franz must go. Even now the soldiers are coming down the street with him. They are singing merrily, but he appears like one being taken to the gallows."

I had scarce strength to rise from my chair and walk to the window. I could see them well. There were six soldiers, two of whom led Franz by the arm. A great train of village lads followed. Franz had a wreath with long, waving ribbons around his hat, and turning, he glanced up at our house. It was a sorrowful, despairing glance, and its memory haunts me

to this day. For a moment our eyes met, and I saw plainly from the expression of his that he bitterly repented the step he had taken. I wrung my hands and tried to cry, "Franz! Franz!" but I could not utter a syllable.

The soldiers' voices rang out cheerily as they passed, singing their martial song, every word of which was a dagger to my heart. "All is lost," I thought, and sank weeping back into my chair. I must have fainted I think, for I seemed at length to lose all consciousness of things around me.

When I came to myself I asked for Andrew, wishing to make further inquiries of him, but he had left the room. My father stood before me, and said, "Franz has gone with the soldiers. The old man has been harder with his own flesh and blood than I could have been, but that is his business, not ours. What is the matter with Andrew? I met him on the stairs, and he was ghastly pale."

"Andrew was an intimate friend of Franz," I replied, "and even a stranger heart might grieve over the poor boy's lot."

From this time the world seemed a weary and desolate place to me. Autumn came, and the leaves fell from the trees, the birds gathered themselves together and flew far away—why should they not? Here all was sadness and desolation. My young associates found a sad change in me. I was no longer the rosy-cheeked, light-hearted girl I had once been, and when the merry songs of the young people rang out under the linden-trees I could only weep. Society for me had become worse than solitude.

My father grew silent and melancholy, but Andrew did every thing he could to help me. He would try to talk cheerfully with me, but I saw that, spite of this powerful mastery over his feelings, sorrow lay heavy upon his heart and soul. I one day asked him if he had heard nothing from Franz. He replied sadly that Wilm had received a letter from his son; this he had learned from the messenger, but not a syllable further could he find out.

My father said, as the Spring came on, that he was growing old, and work was daily becoming more burdensome to him; and then he told me how very happy it would make him to have a son-in-law, and that Andrew was a noble fellow, his sole reliance now. But I replied that I could not think of marriage, and my father must not urge it. After this Andrew seemed more sad and quiet than ever.

Nearly a year passed, bringing no word from Franz, till one evening Ursel came to me and said, "My master has forbidden all intercourse

with you, but my heart will break if I can not speak to some one about my sorrow. Franz has written twice from Strasbourg, and O, Lora, it is heart-rending to hear how they treat him! He implores his father to buy his discharge, and says that if he remains much longer in the army he can not answer for what may happen, as necessity knows no law. If he can only be taken home he promises to be a dutiful, obedient son. But the old man has a heart of stone. He will not hear a word about buying his son's discharge, and will neither write to Franz himself nor permit me to do so.

"Franz says that he can not endure the sight of his blue coat. Whenever he puts it on it seems like his shroud, and every night when he lies down he hopes never to waken again. I have on my knees implored the old man's pity for his only child, and have told him that if Franz remains in the army something terrible may happen, for I have known the boy from infancy. But he will not listen to reason. He says that he who will not follow his father may follow the drum, and declares that he wants Franz to be thoroughly humbled. Advise me, Lora," she said. "You are a clever, sensible child, and have loved him dearly."

"I am the last one to advise you," I replied; "I must obey my father." But God only knows how unhappy I was.

To no one but Andrew could I open my heart. I said to him, "Surely the worst must happen, because there among the soldiers Franz has no good friends by his side, and can hear no Christian word."

After this conversation Andrew became so silent and melancholy that I locked my thoughts in my own breast and felt the burden grow heavier every day.

Josepha, Andrew loved me just as well as Franz did, and wished me to become his wife, which he could do with a good conscience, as my father wished it also. Still he had something of that love—which is not of flesh and blood, but of the spirit of God—that love which seeks not its own. He had borne the yoke in his youth, and this, Josepha, is an excellent thing. People often made sport of his quiet, gentle ways, and derided him as a shy, discarded youth, because he had conformed his will to the will of God; but afterward they knew his true character, and found that they who have learned to be silent are the strong ones of the world.

One evening I sat as usual at my spinning and thought of my sorrow. It seemed as if I were spinning Franz's shroud, and I moistened the thread with my tears. Andrew came home

from the field, and though I tried to talk with him, he well saw what lay at my heart, and said, "I see, Lora, that you are thinking of Franz. So am I, for he was once my best friend. How often I wish that I were only in Strasbourg; Franz would then, I feel sure, serve out his time and be more content, for he has often listened to my advice."

"That is very true, Andrew," said I; "but how can you go to Strasbourg?"

"Give yourself no uneasiness. I have to go to town to-day and will see what can be done. Farewell," he said at leaving, "and whatever you may hear of Andrew, believe that he has only followed what he deemed the path of duty. His heart has not been false, nor has he forgotten his friend, and perhaps, through God's blessing, good may come out of evil."

He gave me his hand, and would have said more, but his eyes grew moist, and his lips quivered, and, turning from me, he went quickly away.

Great sorrow, which opens some hearts, closes others, and makes them selfish. I fear that mine belonged to the latter class, for in my own trouble I thought little of Andrew, and hardly recalled the words he had spoken that night. He did not return. While in the town he enlisted in Franz's regiment, and the next morning was on the way to Strasbourg. The messenger who brought us the tidings with Andrew's blessing had seen him depart. This was love, Josepha, Christian love, which is as strong, ay, stronger than death.

THE MUMMY OF THEBES.

THE Hebrews buried their dead in caves, "out of their sight;" the Greeks burned them; the ancient Persians exposed their deceased friends on mountains and in desert places, to be devoured piecemeal by birds of prey; and the Hindoos felt a religious pleasure, as they feel this hour, in launching all they once loved coffinless into the Ganges, to float down, if they escape the jaws of the crocodile, to the mighty deep.

But the extraordinary practice of the ancient Egyptians, as regards the disposal of their dead, has no counterpart in the history of nations. I confess that, of all the races passed away, no people ever trod this globe half so interesting to me as the old mummy-makers and pyramid-builders of the land of Ham. I love them because their enduring tombs—great granite books that do not lie—declare to endless ages they tenderly loved each other. I

admire them because, a few periods excepted, when kings like Rameses the Great unsheathed the sword of conquest, they never sought to aggrandize themselves by foreign wars, nor seized unjustly the lands and property of others, keeping to themselves, their whole world centered in that beautiful valley of waters, born there and dying there, framing no brighter Amenti or elysium than the lovely scenes their favored land displayed. I bow to them, I revere their genius—genius subtle yet comprehensive—quaint in small things, sublime in great. What a language, if it could disclose all its wondrous meanings, breathes in the mysterious hieroglyphics! Yon sarcophagus, alive with ten thousand symbols, is a mighty poem—an Iliad in stone! the pyramids and the Parthenon—the latter is comparatively a thing of yesterday, yet, however beautiful, it is already stricken with years and commingling fast "with parent dust;" but the former seem Titanic forms imbued with the spirit of immortality; they have no fellowship with decay or change, and when no longer a classic temple shall rear its head in Greece, and every famous edifice in Europe shall have resolved itself into a memory, the monster tombs or star-oratories by the Nile will attract the gaze and fill the traveler's bosom with awe.

But my discourse is on a mummy. Come, poor relic of mortality, from your dark recess in the rocks behind Thebes, where you have been cradled during three thousand years. My boat lies at anchor off the great temples, and I can see the avenues of sphinxes, the Memnonium, and all the glories left to astonish our later days. Now, as no breath waves the long banana leaves and tufted palms on the bank, and the moon climbs slowly over the ruins, still as death, and pacing, snowy-robed, on and on along the sapphire floor of heaven, I will place you reverently, tenderly before me.

I am with the dead, yet I feel not the accustomed creeping fear, for a chasm of ages seems to intervene between thee and me. Poor, submissive mummy! why did they swathe thee thus, binding thee round and round with such delicacy and care? I sympathize with them; they loved thee, and some one perhaps adored thee, for thou mayst have been a maiden beautiful and virtuous, who perished young. I see thee a fairy creature, leading the dance beneath the shady palms. How thy black hair streams, and thy full, gazelle-like eyes sparkle! how thy embroidered scarf floats out during thy rapid motions, and thy silver anklets tinkle—sweeter music than the sistrum's to the ears of one who watches thee! I see thee seated near him as

sunset burns on the Nile, with the lotus-flower in thy hand, and half turning away thy sweet face, all blushes, as he presses his suit.

Dark mummy! where is thy maiden beauty now? where thy love-dimples, thine ivory neck, and little playful hand? Yet it is something to see thee even as thou art, the veritable child of thirty centuries, and fancy will invest thee with all thou hast lost.

Thou mayst have been a priestess in one of yonder gorgeous shrines. In white robes thou mayst have bowed before the image of the mysterious one—the veiled Isis. Shining in those now sightless sockets, thy mild eyes were once raised to heaven, filled with the tears of speechless adoration, and from those shriveled lips may have issued the prayer of a contrite spirit, pure, gentle, holy, to listen to which the good genii stooped from their bowers in Amenti. Or, cold thing, whose heart the ages have shriveled up, and whose bosom is dry, thou mayst have been a fruitful vine, the pride of thy loving lord; thou mayst have been a mother—yes, a happy mother, full of all the sweet cares, and engrossed with the gentle littlenesses of domestic life. I see thee now amid thy joyous circle, thy little ones sporting around thee or climbing thy knee, while thy stooping face is radiant with the light of affection. They are laughing, and those poor lips are wreathing, too, with smiles, and those now withered arms are tossing aloft the youngest born. O, reckless, gleesome, hopeful, joyous, being! exultant in the mere sense of existence, throbbing with love and warm with rapture.

Silent mummy! thy children are mummies now, but where they rest we can not tell. Honored mummy! that hand may have clasped the hand of a Pharaoh, or thou mayst have been thyself a queen; but death has placed thee now on a level with thy subjects. Whatever thou wert, I can not but behold thee with feelings of interest; thy gilding, thy bandages, thy fleshless fingers and shrunk, lean face, are not to me repulsive, for every mummy speaks more than a roundelay or song of love of the deep affection swaying generations gone.

The ancient children of the Nilotic valley may have converted their dead into mummies, partly from the religious belief that, after thousands of years, the wandering spirit would return to its tenement of clay; but chiefly were they influenced, we repeat, by mutual attachment and love. Friend was unwilling to part with friend, the lover would not be separated from his mistress, and the child would make periodical visits to the tomb of his parents, where again he might actually behold the fea-

tures of those he had revered. O, then, regarding it in this light, we must feel it was a beautiful custom, that of embalming and preserving the dead.

Mummy, thou shalt henceforth be to me as a companion. I will bear thee about with me in my wanderings, and learn lessons from the sad spectacle thou dost present. I will picture thee good and beautiful as thou once wert, and dream of the time when, bursting these cerements, and casting off the blackness of ages, thou wilt spring again into life, fresh and glorious as a star, and with ancient memories, thoughts, and affections revived, walk in paradise, a thing of beauty, blessing the God who created thee.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

WHAT dreams he of life's happy livers,
As by the wall he stands and shivers?
One, passing him with haughty tread,
Says, "Be you clothed and be you fed,"
And asks with eye of pride and scorn,
"O, wretched boy, why were you born?"
So asks the boy—of sullen sky,
Of every spire that lifts on high,
Of every face serene and glad,
Of every passer warmly clad;
And pinched with want and stung with cold,
He asks it, till his heart is told
By the dark genius of his fate
That he was only born to hate.
Why not, since all around, above,
Seem to him never born to love?

The world men find their wealth and fame in,
He finds a thousand things to blame in;
He blames it for its many trials,
Its scanty gifts, its cold denials;
And through the long and lonesome nights
He blames it for its cruel slights.
In walls of brick and granite strong
He sees the bulwarks of men's wrong
Lifted to shut him ever out
In the broad fields of want and doubt;
And when the night-time darkly falls
Upon the city's lofty walls,
His light is but the nearest lamp,
His bread the crust—his bed the damp.
Ten years from now whom will you meet
In this young wanderer of the street?
Who, watchful by the way, has bought,
Daily and dearly, food for thought
A soul that matches its assurance,
With its long want and long endurance—
A soul whose resolute persistence
Breaks law and offers law resistance.
Then will the man of honored name
Repeat a tale of crime and shame,
And, still condemning, in his scorn
Cry, "Wretched man, why were you born?"

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

LITTLE RUTH'S PARTY.

IT was the strangest party that ever a little girl gave, but then Ruth was always called a strange child. People said that her old-fashioned ways must have been handed down direct to her along with her grandmother's name. However that may be, she had a wonderful love for old people, especially for old ladies in clean, white caps.

Little Ruth had not been well all Summer. Her sickness was not a fever, or a chill, or any disease that would come out in a fair field and give the good doctor a chance at it. But it took away all her appetite, and all the life out of her little limbs, and she just lay about on lounges and sofas, and felt so languid she would have been peevish and unhappy if she had been any body but little Ruth. It was not little Ruth's way to be cross and hard to please.

One day after aunt Lucy had tried in vain to find out some dainty her little lady-bird would like, Ruth said to her with a brighter look than common in her eye,

"I know what I should like very much, aunt Lucy, but I expect it would be a great deal of trouble for you."

"Never mind the trouble, Ruth, dear, just tell me what it is, and I will be the judge about that."

"Well, auntie, I should love best of any thing in the world to have an old ladies' tea-party. Poor old ladies, I mean, who do not often go out to tea—such as Jesus would ask if he gave a tea-party. You know he said we need n't ask rich folks to our parties, but poor, and lame, and blind people."

Aunt Lucy was a little surprised at Ruth's request, but it set her to thinking very seriously. Were there not poor old women about her whose life she could brighten very much by a little thoughtful attention now and then, with very little trouble or expense to herself?

The result of it all was that six poor old ladies received invitations, in Ruth's name, to come up and take tea at aunt Lucy's on Wednesday afternoon.

Every invitation was a cause of fresh surprise, but the pleasure given was much greater than the surprise. They had considered their tea-drinking days, away from home, as about over. They felt that younger women were tak-

ing their places in the world, and they were well-nigh set aside. It was so pleasant to feel that they were not altogether forgotten. Still it caused no little flutter in their humble homes to make their plain wardrobes "fit to be seen" in aunt Lucy's stately mansion. Yet they had all long known the kindness of her generous heart, and they knew they should be welcome in their plainest dresses. There was a great bustle over the white caps, clear starching and ironing, and setting on the borders and ribbons afresh. Then the best dresses must be shaken out and the best silk handkerchiefs carefully unfolded from the papers which were seldom disturbed except on Sundays.

The last pin was in place finally, and the good ladies arrived at about the same time at the broad, hospitable porch of aunt Lucy's mansion. Little Ruth opened the door for them herself, and her eyes were dancing with pleasure as one after another stooped to kiss her pale cheek. Aunt Lucy's cordial greeting made each one feel at ease in the handsome sitting-room directly. Very soon they had all settled down comfortably to their chat and their knitting-work. Aunt Lucy took out her knitting too, and knit away as industriously as if she had been sixty instead of forty-five.

"O, can't I have some knitting too?" asked Ruth with great animation.

"You do n't know how to knit, Ruth," said auntie gently.

"I'll teach her willingly," said grandma Goodwin. "May be it'll amuse her and chirk her up a little, poor dear," and she looked at her compassionately from over the tops of her spectacles.

The yarn and needles were forthcoming, and, seated on grandma Goodwin's lap, Ruth took her first lesson in knitting on a "cat's stocking." Grandma pronounced her "very tractable," and after a little while she was able to go on by herself rather slowly, as she picked up the thread with her thumb and finger at each stitch, and laboriously wound it around the needle. But I believe that is about the way we all have to begin—we must creep before we can walk.

The old ladies all petted and made much of little Ruth, and one and another had a medicine to recommend as almost sure to make her well. The one which Ruth herself felt most willing to try was a fresh egg every morning beat up with

a little sugar. Good dame Parker told of such wonderful results she had seen come from this simple remedy, that aunt Lucy proposed trying it right away.

"I've got an old cat and five little kittens," said Mrs. Sally Laſſe, "and if you will come around and see them, you shall have the very prettiest in the lot for your own. It does go so hard with me to have them killed, I just said to my Thomas, no, we'll wait a spell and see if we can't give 'em away. The schoolmistress has promised to take one; now if your auntie will let you have another there'll be two off my mind."

"What color are they?" asked Ruth with great interest.

"One is as white as if he had fallen into the cream-pot; one is the prettiest *turtle-shell* you ever did see, and the gray and white one has a fair saddle-mark out on his back. Then the brownie, with white ears and striped tail, is the *moral* of his mother, and the black one, with white paws and a white nose, is the cunningest of all, according to my notion."

Ruth was greatly perplexed to decide after this fascinating description, and in her covetous little heart longed to adopt the whole of old kit's family, but aunt Sally Lane told her she could "decide better when she came to see them," and so the matter rested. It gave Ruth something pleasant to think about though, and something to look forward to, which was a great benefit to her.

Now good Mrs. Price not wishing to be outdone in kindness to the dear little girl they all loved, invited her over to see her brood of late chickens. "They were every one as yellow as gold, but one stray black one, who was greedy enough for any four chickens. How he had strayed into the white hen's nest nobody could tell. But that hen always had odd luck. Last season a quail laid several eggs in her nest, and the old hen hatched them out. They staid about for some time, scudding around the barnyard with the chicks, but it was always plain to be seen that there was wild blood in them. Finally, they ran off into the stubble-field and they never saw them again. If Ruth would like one of the white chickens, she should have it in welcome."

Before dark aunt Lucy had supper all on the table, for she knew the old ladies were used to early hours in their former visiting days. Little Ruth kept close to dear aunt Mabel Green, for she had smoothed her hair back with both her withered hands, and kissed her brow as she said,

"You are the picture of what your mother

used to be at your age, darling. May God spare you to grow up as good a woman!"

Dear auntie Green had passed her threescore years and ten, yet she was beautiful still in the little girl's eyes. Her hair of silver-white was smoothed back evenly under her cap, "like snow beneath snow." The brown silk handkerchief, with its few threads of pink and white in the border, folded and pinned so neatly over her breast, and the plain black dress, guiltless of any spot of dust, all looked in Ruth's eyes like the perfection of elegant dressing. Indeed, in her little old-fashioned head she rather longed for the time to come when she too could wear a cap. The world and its vanities would crowd such notions soon enough out of her head.

At the table Ruth's pleasure was complete. The dear old ladies seemed to enjoy their delicious tea, rich with aunt Lucy's cream and snowy sugar, sipping it out of her bright silver spoons with such evident pleasure, that Ruth asked auntie to please give her a cup.

Auntie smiled, but poured it out with much satisfaction. She was glad to have her little girl ask for any thing in the shape of food or drink. The old ladies sat up very primly in their chairs, and disposed of their food in a sort of mysterious way, taking little nips of dried beef and the smallest possible mouthfuls of tea-biscuit, as that was the fashion when they were young. Auntie took care, however, that they should be long enough at the table each to make out an excellent meal, and though they sipped their tea by spoonfuls, each passed her cup two or three times. Before it was dark each one had taken her leave, with a nice little gift of cake or fruit wrapped in a paper to take to some one at home. Ruth was permitted to wrap up and bestow these gifts, and it finished off the day's pleasure most delightfully.

The last drowsy bee had hummed himself off to his hive, and

"The butterflies had folded up
Their shining, golden gowns,
The daisies, in their wee white cups,
Slept on the dewy downs,"

and little Ruth's lids were drooping before the stars came out. The afternoon of wholesome, pleasant excitement had paved the way for a sound night's sleep, and from that day she began to mend. She returned the visit of all her good old ladies before the Winter came, and long before Christmas her cheeks were round and rosy as sound apples. She had many parties of little friends after that, but none were ever remembered with more pleasure than her old ladies' tea-party. When she grew to be a woman and had a house of her own, she was

always noted for her peculiar attentions to aged people, and the blessing of God rested upon her for it. He never permits any act of disrespect or unkindness to his aged servants to go unnoticed, and often very severe punishment follows such conduct in this world. You remember the forty-two children torn by the bears because they mocked the bald-headed prophet. God seems to mark with just as decided approval those who remember to "rise up before the gray-head, and honor the face of the old man."

"IN HONOR PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER."

MINNIE MARTIN paused in her morning lesson and read the words softly over again. "I've heard mamma repeat them a great many times, but they never sounded just as they do now. 'In honor preferring one another;' then I must always be ready to yield my preferences to theirs; must never in any wise be selfish. Ah, how many times I have violated this rule!" She sat thoughtfully a few minutes, then drawing herself up resolutely exclaimed, "I'll see how faithfully I can heed it to-day." She bowed her head reverently and asked God to help her keep her resolution, for she had been taught to pray.

Minnie Marvin had just rounded her sixteenth year, a lively, amiable girl, but very impulsive, and a little thoughtless of others' comfort sometimes; yet her warm heart, her quick vivacity, and genial disposition, won her many friends, and Minnie was greatly loved notwithstanding her faults.

The holidays were being spent with her cousin in the country, and happy days they were, bringing many rare pleasures to the city girl.

When she entered the breakfast-room and responded to the glad good mornings that greeted her, the light of a new purpose beamed in her eye, and her life seemed to possess a deeper meaning than ever before.

A delicate morsel of yesterday's dinner stood temptingly before her; it was a favorite dish, and by common consent had been given to her, as the honored guest. Now Minnie was very fond of this particular roast, but she looked at it hesitatingly, for she knew grandma was very fond of it too; she had no doubt there must be something fully as nice for grandma, but, remembering her text, she looked up timidly and said, "If you please, I would like grandma to have this." Her aunt looked at her with an approving smile, and when an hour later she saw the old lady eating her breakfast with an un-

sual satisfaction and heard her say, "You are a good girl, Minnie, to remember your grandma, a good girl, just as your mother used to be," she felt much more than repaid for her little act of self-denial, and thought it was a very pleasant thing to "prefer one another in honor."

The forenoon slipped quietly away, and all were so happy that Minnie had almost forgotten her resolution. But when, after dinner, she opened a new book to finish the reading of a story she had commenced that morning, she suddenly remembered how weary Mary looked when she left her a few minutes before. "She has been at work all the morning," thought Minnie, "while I have done almost nothing. I should so much like to finish my story," and she looked longingly at the book, "but that would not be preferring Mary to myself, so I believe I must go and help her." Minnie sprang up and went out to the kitchen, where her plainer cousin was still busy at her work. There was a pleasant expression on her face, for she loved her work, but her step was heavy, and she only smiled wearily as Minnie entered. "I thought I would come and help you a little, cousin Mary, if you'll let me; you must be tired." "It is very kind in you," and Mary looked rested even while she spoke.

"Here, Minnie, your bright eyes are just what I want for a minute." It was grandma who looked up from her knitting work and tangled yarn with a perplexed face, and called to her just as she was bounding away with a light step to feast on her story-book.

Now she could not be displeased when her grandma asked her to do any thing, of course she could not, but she was disappointed at this delay, and I am afraid she felt a little annoyed too. The tangled yarn proved a serious test of her patience, for the obstinate knots would not yield at first, but Minnie kept saying to herself over and over, "In honor preferring one another—preferring one another," and the words seemed to be a charm, for her peace of mind came back, and in a few minutes the yarn was straightened out and she wound it in triumph into a nice smooth ball.

When the old lady looked at her kindly over the top of her glasses and said, "Thank you, dear," as only a grandmother can say it, Minnie was very happy and replied earnestly, "I love to do any thing for you, grandma."

The afternoon waned, and Minnie leaned closer into the window to catch the last rays of daylight. Little Willie sat at her feet, intent on the manufacture of a toy that she had been helping him construct. "Please, cousin Minnie," but cousin Minnie was absorbed in her own

affairs, and so she shut her ears to the pleading voice. "Please," broke in Willie again, "please will you show me how to fix this?" "In honor preferring one another," suggested the silent monitor within, and she turned from her reading with a start, like one suddenly aroused. "Yes, Willie, what is it?" Preferring another's happiness before her own she found great pleasure, and little Willie went wild with delight over his new plaything. Thus the day went down upon Minnie Marvin, and when she laid her head upon her pillow that night it was with much sweeter satisfaction than she was wont to know.

"It is only in little things that I've denied myself to-day," she mused, "very little things; but I suppose our lives are mostly filled up with just such trifles, after all." "Perhaps He who numbereth the hairs of our heads does not reckon these things so small either." And she thanked God for strength to obey even in that which seems to be least.

SPRING COLLOQUY.

ONCE, searching for pleasure, and languor beguiling,
I walked through the meadow one morning in May;
The Spring birds were warbling, all nature was smiling,
The fruit trees with blossoms and leafage were gay.

And early that morning a shower had passed over,
The drops on the leaves shone like diamonds rare,
Refreshing the violets, scenting the clover,
And the breath of sweet brier was borne on the air.

Sweet was the breeze o'er the buttercups blowing,
And shaking the drops from their goblets of gold;
The May-lily, too, 'mid the tall grasses growing,
Drank more than its delicate trumpet could hold.

Fresh shone the face of the meek dandelion,
The daisy had washed her fringe white as the snow;
The glistening pearls hung from each bending scion
As, dripping with freshness, they swayed to and fro.

A breath of rare fragrance my senses delighting,
I drew near a wall where the lichens had grown,
And the shade of the orchard trees seemed so inviting,
I sat down to rest on a moss-covered stone.

An apple-tree o'er me its shadow was throwing,
Its blossoms were fading—some fell at my side;
Near by, in the shade of the orchard wall growing,
A queenly moss-rose blushed in beauty and pride.

The murmuring bees at the clover were sipping,
And humming above me a joyous refrain;
They buzzed in the apple-blossoms, fragrant and drip-
ping,

Till, freighted with sweetness, they left it again.

But soon a light breeze through the apple-tree blowing,
Shook off all her delicate petals of snow,
And a shower of white leaves on the green velvet
throwing,

No parlor so dainty a carpet could show.

Now the rose had grown vain, she was proud of her
beauty—

But beauty with virtue unarmed can not last—
And scorning all others, neglecting her duty,
She bowed not her head to the breeze as it passed.

But the zephyr was playful, and for palliation—
To frolicking given wherever he goes—
Half jesting in innocent retaliation,
He scattered some apple-blossoms over the rose.

The rose tossed her head, filled with great indignation,
And angrily sharpened each pitiless thorn,
Then reddened her cheek with the deepest carnation,
And curled up her leaves in the bitterest scorn.

"How dare you thus trifle with rank and position,
And scatter your worthless white leaves in my face?
I never have granted you my recognition,"
Said Miss Rose, "to do so would bring me dis-
grace.

I have been much annoyed by your standing so near
me,

I'll bear it no longer, so mark what I say;
The gardener is coming, and when he shall hear me
I'll bid him remove you quite out of my way."

The apple-tree answered on hearing this warning,
"You misrepresent me by what you have said;
I gave my white leaves to the zephyr this morning,
Had you bowed when he passed they had flown
o'er your head."

"I bow to the zephyr! the thought is amusing;
It would have been far more befitting, I ween,
Had you courted my favor instead of abusing,
And the zephyr in passing just bowed to the queen."

Rocked by the breeze a sweet rosebud was sleeping,
But wakened on hearing words angry and cross,
With eyes full of tears she was timidly peeping
From under her delicate curtains of moss.

"Hush, ma! I hear sounds as of footsteps encroach-
ing,

And softly they fall from the wicket behind;
Now nearer they come, 't is the gardener approaching,
He surely will settle this quite to your mind."

Thought I, which possesses the stronger attraction,
I'll see, for the gardener was now in the field.
"This tree," quoth he, smiling with great satisfaction,
"A bountiful harvest of apples will yield.

This rose near the apple-tree, I did not know it,
'T is useless, though noted for beauty and grace,
I'll pull it, and over the orchard wall throw it,
For nothing is beautiful out of its place."

Now, suiting the act to the word, the scene closes,
For, seizing the rose-bush he tossed it away;
And as I beheld the sad end of the roses,
Thought I, I have conned me a lesson to-day

Not they who were gifted with wisdom and beauty
Alone in the highway of honor have trod,
But those who have followed the pathway of duty,
And tried to bear fruit to the glory of God.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

DAUGHTER AND SISTER.—The place of the daughter in the family group is an exceedingly interesting one. She is more closely connected with it, and usually maintains that connection for a longer time than the son. Her duties, too, are more tender, and are more intimately bound up with the comfort and happiness of her parents as they ripen for eternity. The affectionate and devoted son may cheer their hearts by his regular correspondence, by his exemplary and prosperous course in life, and, if it be needed, by the substantial aid which he supplies to gladden their declining years; but to the daughter belong the every-day opportunities of lightening their cares, anticipating their wishes, and shedding around their path a bright though gentle radiance. This is work which should not be despised; it is work for God—work which he will mark with his distinguished approval. There have been instances, not a few, in which a daughter has been made the honored instrument of a father's or a mother's conversion to God. O, what a blessed calling! Sigh not for rank or show, pant not for worldly pleasure, mourn not your lot in life, when duties like these are assigned to you—duties worthy of an angel's powers, duties which are so clearly recognized and so highly commended in "the first commandment with promise."

The sister, too, has received a very important calling. Her influence resembles that of a mother; and, indeed, in one respect, exceeds it, for she is more the companion of her brother or sister than the mother can be of her child. Greater equality in age, united often to similarity in taste, tends to this. If she is wise and affectionate, the sister may be, especially to her brothers, a guard and guide; but, in order to effect this, she must never offend him by her rudeness or neglect, or give him reason to despise her for her ignorance or vanity. A gentle, winning sister often supplies a tender tie to home, by which a young man is held back from vice and from dangerous companions; by which the force of temptation is broken, and many a calamity averted. A hopeful, cheering word from a sister's lips often animates with fresh ardor a brother's soul, and prepares him for greater effort and more abundant success. Young woman, here is noble work for you to do! Do it for God! Do it with all your power!

THE CHRISTIAN MISTRESS.—A weak point in our family life is found in the fact that nearly all our

domestic servants adhere to a form of religion different from our own. One form of Christianity exists in the parlor and sitting-room, quite another in the kitchen; two forms, indeed, that not only differ, but antagonize each other. They can not harmonize. The religious services of the Protestant family must be conducted without any reference to the domestics. These latter take no part in the family prayers, attend different places of worship from those of the members of the family, and so wide is the separation between the mistress and the servant on all religious questions, that scarcely a word ever passes between them on these subjects. And yet, perhaps, in the present state of things there is no help for this serious fault in our American family life. We are too dependent yet upon the Catholic servant to insist upon her participation in our family religion. And yet her constant absence awakens in our children a series of thoughts and questions which they can not answer, and which it is impossible for us to explain to them. Will our American Protestant girls ever get over the miserable vanity and pride which makes it impossible for them to accept places in American homes, in domestic service, where they would find themselves in thousands of instances more happy, more healthful, and more safe, than in the shops, the factories, and close sewing-rooms?

In the mean time the Christian mistress can still find in her own household a field for usefulness which, if properly occupied, may bring much glory to God. By too many servants are regarded with less consideration, as to their immortal interests, than the heathen. If they do not give satisfaction, they are censured, and perhaps dismissed; if they do, they are paid their wages. Surely the connection ought not to end here. Have they not precious souls? And have not Christian mistresses peculiarly valuable opportunities to encourage and direct these souls, even if they are under the influence of another system? And if, as is sometimes the case, these domestics are not religious at all, can they not seek those souls for Christ? Let these opportunities be used in humble hope that a blessing will accompany your efforts. It is not necessary that you should *lecture* your servants about religion; but you certainly should *talk* with them about it earnestly and lovingly. A Christian mistress may teach them the highest truths without seeming to dictate, and without giving any just cause of offense. And if she

prayerfully perseveres, and supports her counsels with personal consistency and devotedness, she may reasonably expect to win their precious souls for her blessed Master.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.—Home is eminently woman's sphere. In it she sits as a queen; and around it she scatters the most fascinating charms. Any thing which would remove her from the place in domestic life for which she is so admirably adapted, would be a real evil, and should be most earnestly deprecated. But with the soothing and salutary influence which she sheds on the home circle, the Christian wife and mother may combine more wide-spread usefulness, and fill an important place in the Church of God. While home should never be forsaken or neglected, care should be taken not to turn it into a prison, or to clothe it with the deep gloom of the cloister or the cell. When this is done, the order of nature is interfered with, and serious evils are induced. Woman requires to engage in active pursuits for the sake both of mind and body; and if she neglects to do so her health is injured, her spirits are depressed, temptations are invited, and in all probability her life is shortened by premature decline. Nor will she, by spending a portion of her time in more bracing engagements, attend to her home duties any the worse. A woman best promotes her family's interest by using such means as will preserve to her, for as long a time as possible, cheerful health and activity, and the energies with which God has blessed her; and for the accomplishment of this, the due exercise of all her faculties is essential. Too much domestication will enfeeble both her body and her mind. But by taking her fair share in more active pursuits, and especially such as will lead her to spend a proportion of her time out of doors, her mental and physical energies will be reunited, and she will be enabled to accomplish more, and to do it better, than if she had been a very galley-slave in her unbroken attention to the details of household management.

The very best change and recreation from the monotonous and wearisome duties of home can be found in aiding to carry out those plans of usefulness which may arise in connection with Christian activity. A walk or drive will be all the more interesting and invigorating when it has associated with it a valuable purpose which is to be accomplished; a series of visits will be all the more pleasant and beneficial when they are made with an important object in view, and contemplate the good of others. If these views are correct, *leisure* for doing good will not be confined to the young woman, nor to her whose domestic duties are light, nor yet to her whose means enable her largely to avail herself of the aid of others in her household arrangements, though, of course, each of these classes will have a larger proportion of time to devote to such pursuits, but nearly all will have some portion of their time which they can consecrate to the great work of laboring for God, and the greater the effort or self-denial by which it is secured, the richer will be the reward

conferred by him whose glory it is their object to advance. A little every day, and a little by every one, would yield a great result for God.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—A great and important field of usefulness lies before woman in the reformation of our whole system of social intercourse, both in the removal of existing evils, and in pervading Christian society with a feeling at once genial and healthy. There are rules which propriety sanctions and enforces in this department which can not be set aside; but it may be suggested whether our customs do not, in general, either under the name of decorum, require a slavish adherence to practices, many of which are equally void of reason and of utility; or, under the idea of familiarity, encourage the undue and unprofitable discussion of personal affairs, which necessarily slides into idle gossip or even slander. There can be nothing more entirely valueless than a great proportion of what are denominated "morning calls." Profit of any kind, or even real friendship, seems to be completely forgotten. Dressed expensively according to her rank in life, without an object before her worthy of a rational mind—simply to return a similar empty compliment, and thus keep up a cold intimacy—a woman who has a mind to think and a heart to feel, both of which are placed in at least temporary abeyance, pays a "visit" to another of her sex endowed in like manner, and similarly oblivious of her endowments and her accountability. Civilities are interchanged, hackneyed remarks are made on hackneyed subjects, and she takes her departure, without having communicated or received the least advantage, to repeat, with little variation, the performance elsewhere; and probably—if she is a person of sense—expresses her gratification when she reaches home that the dull formality is over. The repetition of this cold routine must have a deadening influence which unfits alike for devotion and for practical duty. A little courage would remedy the evil.

Nor are "evening parties" much better. In worldly circles the dance and song, the card-table and kindred amusements, relieve the tedium of fashion and of feasting, but at the expense of producing mental and moral dissipation and bodily fatigue; while among more serious people, too often all the show and stiffness are retained, while nothing good is supplied in place of the follies the exclusion of which consistency requires. Is there no possibility of getting society to adopt usages which would give an opportunity for free, friendly, pleasant, and edifying social intercourse? It is to be hoped that there is. But if it is to be thus reformed, and if the improved tone is to be maintained, our Christian women must have much to do with the change. Woman controls in this department, and can lend a charm and ease to that which she desires to promote. Already she has done much in the social circle to discourage the grosser vices which formerly prevailed; let her now seek to pervade conventional usages with a *life* which will make them channels of enjoyment, and with a *purpose* which will make them means of doing good.

BEAUTY AND DUTY.—The London Review pronounces that "no man or woman has a right to be ugly," and thus discusses the matter: Men or women, whatever their physical deformities may be, can not be utterly ugly, except from moral and intellectual causes, and neither man nor woman has any right to be ugly, and that if either be so, it is his or her fault, misdemeanor, or crime; and that being ugly, they can not expect the love of their fellow-creatures. No man can love an ugly woman; and if fathers and mothers can love an ugly child, it is a very sore struggle, and may be duty after all, and not love. Take the case of Theodosia Perkins—fresh, fair, twenty-three, and passably rich. She has a face and form that a sculptor might love to imitate. But she is pert; she flirts; she has a bad opinion of her own sex and of the other; she has no education of the heart or of the mind; she has no taste for color, for tune, for propriety; she is fast; she is loud; she is eaten up with vanity and conceit, and thinks herself the very cream and quintessence of the world. In one word, she is ugly, in spite of her face and form. To look at her is sufficient to know that she will find no one to marry her except for her money; and to prophesy that after she is married, he would detest her. It comes to this—that whatever physical nature may have neglected to do for us, the power of being beautiful remains with ourselves.

There are moral appliances that are better than physical *rouges* and pomades to make man or woman lovely or lovable. It is mind that creates face, and

that makes little David strong in the Lord's grace, handsomer than great Goliath, who is only in the devil's favor. And the superiority of this kind of beauty over all others is this, that the older we grow, the more beautiful we may become. "There is one glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars." There is one beauty of youth, another of maturity, and another of old age. Excellent are they all; but from its completeness, as well as from its rarity, the beauty of age is the divinest of the three, the crown and completion of all the rest. Youth is beautiful for its physical; maturity for its physical and moral; but old age is the happy union of the physical, the moral, and the intellectual qualities that generally command love, respect, and homage. I know an old woman of seventy-three years of age, of a beauty as much superior to that of seventeen as that of snowy Mount Blanc to verdant Primrose Hill. Lovely are the snow-white locks, neatly parted over her serene forehead; lovely are the accents of her sweet voice, that speak loving kindness to all the world; lovely is the smile that starts from her eye, courses to her lips, and lights up all her countenance, when she fondles a child, or gives counsel or wisdom to young man or maid; lovely is she even in her mild reproof of a wrong-doer; so mild and gentle—so more than half divine—that he or she who relapses afterward into wickedness, is reckless and hardened indeed. I dislike ugly people. I said so at first. No one has a right to be ugly; and if people choose to be ugly, it is their own fault, and they must pay the penalty.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES.—The scene suggested to us is Olympia, upon the occasion of one of the great festivals of the ancient world. The games were consecrated to Jupiter. They were held in the stadium, an immense arena of about six hundred feet in length, surrounded by rising tiers of benches, fit to accommodate ten thousand spectators. On these occasions it was crowded with a vast multitude of lookers-on. Upon the arena were the judges of the course, who proclaimed aloud the names of the competitors, and challenged any one to speak if they knew any thing against the freedom and virtue of those who were about to contend for the prize. These competitors have been long in training; they have been keeping their bodies in subjection and exercising themselves in order that they may, if possible, succeed on this eventful day. There is every stimulus to excite their energy. Upon the pillars of the race-course were mottoes bearing the inscriptions, "Excel," "Hasten," "Finish the course." There are the judges waiting to confer the prize on the successful competitors; there is the sacred tripod with the coveted prize upon it, which will entitle the wearer of it to a triumphal reception into his native city when he returns, to be commemorated all over

the world, as he supposes. There are the throngs of spectators all around. The competitor looks upward; first he is bewildered by the great cloud of witnesses whom he beholds, and then he begins to recognize among the multitude—here, princes and consuls, with their ambassadors from foreign States, vying one with another in the splendor of their attire and the number of their retinue; there, fellow-citizens who are looking as interested spectators anxious for the credit of their town; yonder, literary men who will describe his deeds, and there, warriors who, with the eye of experience, are looking down upon the events of that day—Olympic victors, who have already trod that arena and won that prize. As he looks upward and around, conscious that the eye of Greece and of the world is upon him, how, at the appointed signal, does he cast aside every weight and every incumbrance! He loiters not; he looks not around; his eye is upon the goal, and thither, with all eagerness, he urges his course.

This is the type the apostle chooses of the Christian life. There is, indeed, a striking analogy between them. Were those games under the sanction of Jupiter? Our great contest is under the immediate sanction of Jehovah. Though open to all, it is

necessary, if we would succeed in contending, that what was claimed on the part of the judges of the Grecian games should be verified in our case. Those competitors must be free and virtuous. So if we would win the prize, we must be rightly born—that is, born from above; we must be free—free from the thralldom of the devil; we must be virtuous and holy, for “without holiness no man shall see the Lord.” It is a race. We must run as if there was but one prize, and we were determined to be the winners of it.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

“I KNOW THY WORKS.”—In all our changeful life there is no hiding-place where our Savior can not find us. Alike in the clear, bright sunshine, or in the darkening gloom of the Winter storm, his eye is over his people, and his infinite knowledge weighs them in the balance. When the hill is steep, and briars and thorns grow up its steep ascent, he is watching the weary flock, and helps and pities them, as they strain up the mountain-side. When the road lies through velvet lawns, and beside peaceful waters, the Shepherd gazes tenderly, yet fearfully, upon them, for these are the “Enchanted Grounds,” where there is danger that the pilgrim fall into a fatal sleep.

Jesus knows the works of his people. He knows whether they are walking on the skirts of the dread forest of the world, or whether they are earnestly striving after a closer union to himself. He knows when they extend a helping hand to the pale children of sorrow, and when they shut their ears to the cry of the desolate. Their motives are all open before him. Men judge by results. Christ sees the secret spring.

Let the thought that our Maker knows our works stimulate us to do and dare for him. When the spirit is weary in well-doing, let it lift its eyes to Jesus, who went about doing good. In the hour of prayer let it take encouragement, because He who knows of its secret wrestlings will hear and sustain. Upborne by the everlasting arms, and looking to the Author and Finisher of our faith, let us press on to the joy that is set before us.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CHRIST THE ONLY REDEEMER.—Christ, of all the persons in the world, is only fit to be my Redeemer, Mediator, and Surety, because he alone is both God and man in one person. If he was not man, he could not undertake that office; if he was not God, he could not perform it. If he was man, he could not be capable of being bound for me; if he was not God, he would not be able to pay my debt. It was man by whom the covenant was broken, and, therefore, man must have suitable punishment laid upon him. It was God with whom it was broken, and, therefore, God must have satisfaction made unto him; and as for that satisfaction, it was man that had offended, and, therefore, man alone could make it suitable. It was God that was offended, and, therefore, God alone could make it sufficient. The sum of all this is, that man can suffer, but he can not satisfy. God can satisfy, but he can not suffer; but Christ, being both God and man, can both suffer and satisfy too, and so is perfectly fitted both to suffer for

man, and to make satisfaction to God—to reconcile God to man, and man to God. And thus Christ, having assumed my nature into his person, and so satisfied divine justice for my sins, I am received into grace and favor again with the Most High God.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

DEATH OF CHILDREN.—It is a short story and easily told. Four out of five of all the children born, die before they are five years old. But who shall calculate all the agonies compressed in those two lines? The novelist may linger over the bier, strewing flowers of sentiment; with well-feigned tenderness may touch the quick soul to tears. But when the flowers are all faded, and the tears all shed, the depth of that agony lies unfathomed below. It is not the hopes wasted, or the love poured out in vain, that make that loss irreparable to the mother's heart. Other children may come, and the hopes bloom and the loves twine again. But the spirit and essence of her own life were in the child; the best powers of her soul were blossoming and bearing fruit then. It is her purest, most intimate, farthest-reaching aspiration, which, to mortal eyes, has gone out in blackness of darkness forever. Her life opens out henceforth by that great window which the loss of the child made, into the hollow gulfs of eternity. Blessed for her if, instead of cold and clammy dampness, the pure light of heaven streams in through the breach. When the stars go out, and the ocean ceases its plaint to the shore, and all finite things fade in the white light of eternity, the mother's soul may be made whole again. Till then she walks bereaved.

THE NEED OF THE BIBLE.—Weary human nature lays its head on the bosom of the Divine Word, or it has no where to lay its head. Tremblers on the verge of the dark and terrible valley, which parts the land of the living from the untried hereafter, take this hand of human tenderness yet of godlike strength, or they totter into the gloom without prop or stay. They who look their last upon the beloved dead, listen to this voice of soothing and peace, or else death is no lifting up of everlasting doors, and no infolding in everlasting arms, but an ending as appalling to the reason as to the senses, the usher to a charnel-house whose highest faculties and noblest feelings lie crushed with the animal wreck, an infinite tragedy, maddening and sickening, a blackness of darkness forever.

IMMORTAL ASPIRATIONS.—Like the belief in a Deity, the belief in the soul's immortality is rather a natural feeling, an adjunct of self-consciousness, than a dogma belonging to any particular age or country. It gives eternity to man's nature, and reconciles its seeming anomalies and contradictions; it makes him strong in weakness, and perfectable in imperfections, and it alone gives an adequate object for his hopes and energies, and value and dignity to his pursuits. It is concurrent with the belief in an infinite Spirit, since it is chiefly through consciousness of the dignity of the mind within us that we learn to appreciate its evidences in the universe. To fortify, and, as far as

possible, to impart this hope, was the great aim of ancient wisdom, whether expressed in forms of poetry or philosophy, as it was of the mysteries, and it is of Masonry. Life rising out of death was the great mystery which symbolism delighted to represent under a thousand ingenious forms.

THOUGHT.—Like the wind through the aisles of a cathedral sweeps the stream of thought through the chambers of the brain. It may linger awhile, playing melancholy music, but it is not thine, thou knowest not whence it cometh. It flashes on like the lightning from heaven, when you least expect it, and all that is thine own is to recognize its presence. As the flute in the hands of the master renders a wonderful harmony, so it is with men. The mysterious fabric of the brain, with its organization of exquisite fineness, is but a flute or a bugle, and the breath of the master is the living God. Reader, what is memory but the shadow of the past? When events have lost the fullness of the present reality, they yet leave an uncertain image in their rear. On some it falls like sunbeams on the mountain summits, lighting them up with glory; like the deepest shade of midnight around the mountain's base. The saddest recollections of some men are but the shadow of a butterfly on a garden at noontide—they cover an atom of the soul, and that but for a moment; those of others are like the image of the earth cast upon the face of heaven, that reaches to eclipse the farthest star, and to hide the glory of its shining.

DECEITFULNESS OF THE HEART.—Deceit is one of the prime elements of the natural heart. It is more full of deceit than any other object. We sometimes call the sea deceitful. At evening the sea appears perfectly calm, or there is a gentle ripple on the waters, and the wind blows favorably; during the night a storm may come on, and the treacherous waves are like mountain billows, covering the ship. But the heart is deceitful "above all things"—more treacherous than the treacherous sea. The clouds are often very deceitful. Sometimes, in a time of drought, they promise rain; but they turn out to be clouds without rain, and the farmer is disappointed. Sometimes the clouds appear calm and settled; but before the morning torrents of rain are falling. But the heart is deceitful "above all things." Many animals are deceitful. The serpent is more subtle than any beast of the field; sometimes it will appear quite harmless, but suddenly it will put on its deadly sting and give a mortal wound. But the natural heart is more deceitful than a serpent; "above all things." It is deceitful in two ways—in deceiving others and itself.—*M^cCheyne*.

SPEAKING OUT.—In the long run the habit of keeping back much of what he thinks acts destructively on the man himself. The practice dims his conscience and alters his creed. He suppresses so much that in the end he bolts out part of himself, and hardly knows what he believes as a man, and what as a partisan. While the process of decline is going on, the man's utterances lack the warmth, the

clear ring, the sharp edge, which we find in the ideas that come straight from the heart and brain. That is why partisan speeches sound so hollow. That is why the writings of able men in the leading columns even of the chief journals so often lack edge and distinctness, and seem the work of an intellectual machine, rather than of a living intellect. It is for the same reason that most men are so much smaller than nature meant them to be. Nature meant them to be big and well-formed; but they are stunted and disproportioned because some of their faculties have not been exercised at all. They will not speak out, they will not say what they think; so they become like unto the thing they worship—the God of corporate action, whose gospel is that of Suppression, whose hymns are made up of abstract phrases, punctuated with winks, and unto whose throne goes up, day and night, the incense of hypocrisy. Mr. Mill believes this lack of individuality to be the most dangerous sign in modern civilization. At least if men would dare to lead the lives marked out for them by nature, they would speedily be very different from a race of mental and moral dwarfs. Keats spoke the truth under the veil of poetical exaggeration when he said that if each would express himself, each would be great, and humanity would become "a grand democracy of forest-trees."

TREATMENT OF LOVE.—Strange is it that the passion of love should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there were no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician; let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness, mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Death must come, and love must come; but the state in which they find us—whether blinded, astonished, frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings—this depends on ourselves; and, for want of self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue!—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy, cureless insanity; the death that comes early, and the love that comes late—reversing the primal laws of our nature.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.—A traveler in Syria says that at the close of the day the roads are filled with wandering herds and flocks, and droves of donkeys, with one attendant herdsman, all returning home for the night, after pasture on the neighboring hill-tops. As soon as they get to the outskirts of the village, each separates from the other, and untended pursues its way to its master's door. "The ox knoweth its owner, and the ass his master's crib."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. *Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By Henry White. With Illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 497. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is an admirable successor and companion of Smiles's History of the Huguenots noticed a short time ago. It is a reissue of a work which has drawn forth high commendations from the British press. It will be accepted as a careful and judicious review of this most remarkable and terrible chapter of modern history. It is not a hastily compiled volume for the market, but is a critical study, giving evidence on every page of great research, candor, and impartiality, and a thorough acquaintance with the most recent sources of information. Abundance of fresh and valuable material recently brought out in magazine and review articles, and in recent publications, such as, "The Correspondence of Philip II," "The Letters of Catherine de Medicis," "Relazioni" of the Venetian ambassadors, "The Archives of the House of Orange," etc., and free access to the manuscripts of public and private libraries, make it possible and desirable to produce a new and more critical history of these dreadful times. Of all these sources of information Mr. White has made excellent use. As a result the author is compelled frequently to discredit the statements of the older writers, carelessly copied by their successors. The unscrupulous Catherine de Medicis and the "half insane" Charles are not painted in colors so dark as those of preceding writers, the author giving them the benefit of "the age in which they lived," and of the possession of "many estimable qualities." Still they stand out on these pages in terrible eminence in evil. Respecting the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, there are two theories. Some writers contend that it was the result of a long premeditated plot; others are of opinion that it was the accidental result of a momentary spasm of mingled terror and fanaticism, caused by the unsuccessful attempt to murder Coligny. The author inclines to the latter view, and supports it by much new material recently brought to light. Mr. White's style is nervous and vigorous, always forcible, and frequently rises to eloquence. The spirit of the book is tolerant, conscientious, and, as far as possible, perhaps, impartial. It is a valuable contribution to the history of those dark and terrible times.

POEMS BY ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH. *Square 24mo. Pp. 112. Newark, N. J.: Martin R. Dennis & Co.*

The name of Ellen Clementine Howarth is familiar to the readers of the Repository. She is a genuine poet, a true child of nature—a poet born, not made.

Though her name is known to many, her touching history is known to few. "In Trenton, N. J.," says the preface to this little volume, "stands a row of plain little frame houses. There is nothing about them to arrest attention. One only is distinguished in any way from its neighbors. It bears the simple announcement, 'CHAIRS CANED HERE,' painted on a strip of tin and nailed to the weatherboards. The front door opens directly into a small, poorly furnished apartment. A rag-carpet covers the floor, a couple of tables and several broken chairs are scattered about, books are piled here and there, a few engravings hang on the walls, and a cross leans upon the mantle-shelf. An open door shows a small kitchen adjoining, and, beyond, a porch shaded by morning-glories. Five or six noisy children give life to the scene, the central figure of which is the kneeling form of a woman, clad in faded calico, and busily at work caning the seat of a chair. This woman, toiling amid the children, with tired hands striving to win bread for all, is the mother of the humble home—is Mrs. Howarth—the author of some of the most tender, graceful, and popular lyrics of the day."

Her life has been one of mental and physical suffering. Born of parents in very humble circumstances, at the age of seven she went to work in a factory to fill her own mouth with bread and keep body and soul together. Moved about from place to place as her father, a calico-printer, could find employment, she had scarcely any opportunities for education.

"Through the small libraries in the factory villages," she writes, "always free for the hands, I generally had plenty of reading. As we never remained long in one place, I had no friends or acquaintances out of my own family; never attended any of their merry-makings; cared nothing for dress; seldom went to Church; in short, cared for nobody and nobody cared for me."

When eighteen years of age Ellen married a Mr. Howarth, also a calico-printer, and went to live in the city of Trenton, N. J., where she still resides. Her husband's trade was good when she married, but it soon went down, and he turned his attention to the machine shops. While working in one of them he met with an accident which deprived him of the use of one eye, and greatly impaired the sight of the other, so that he is no longer able to work. As the mother of five children, bright, handsome little girls, the whole support of the family has fallen upon her shoulders, and she supplies their wants as well as she can by bottoming chairs. Such is a brief sketch of this sweet poet.

Her verses are characterized by naturalness, sweetness, tenderness; they are smooth and rhythmical, expressing delicate shades of feeling and almost

every experience of the heart. The wonder is, not that Mrs. Howarth writes so well, but that she writes at all. How a poor woman, surrounded by a large family, all of whom are looking to her for bread, struggling to keep "the sword from the soul, and the wolf from the door," ever has an inspiration it may be hard to understand. Poets are born, not made, and write because they can not help it—as the sun shines, and the dew falls, or the brook babbles. They are impelled to write by the spirit which is within, although, as in the case of Robert Burns and Leigh Hunt, the key to the song is often determined by outward circumstances.

She stood one day at the door watching her little Mary—a beautiful infant, hardly two years old—playing in the street, when a pair of runaway horses dashed by. In an instant her child was killed before her eyes. She picked up the poor, crushed little body, and, clasping it in her arms, carried it into the house. Yet she has said to a friend of her heart, "I have suffered worse things than this." The following beautiful poem will be better appreciated in the light of this incident:

"Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth;
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold;
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well will it be if it end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet, I am laden with care,
Dark are my garments with mildew and mold;
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

Now, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies,
All the fond words I am whispering to thee?
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes,
Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free?
So I believe, though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold:
Thou wilt still love me, and—pleasure sublime—
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven;
Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted to Heaven.
O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!"

POEMS BY JOHN EDWARD HOWELL: *In two Volumes.*
12mo. Pp. 362, 514. New York: Published by the
Author.

Of the merits of these poems we are not prepared to speak finally. The author comes to us unheralded and unknown, the publisher of his own productions. As volumes, and in every respect pertaining to the

printer's art, they are handsome books, printed in a very clear and readable type, on pure, good paper, and well bound, worthy of a place in the library and on the center-table. Nor in a literary point of view will they dishonor any library, nor need the most fastidious hesitate to give them a place on the table. They are pure, elegant, religious, Christian. We have not found a thought or suggestion that all might not read—and this is no small commendation for a volume of poems in our day. The tendency of every poem here is to elevate and refine, to give nobler thoughts of Nature, grander conceptions of God, a tenderer love for Christ, and a broader charity for mankind. The author unquestionably evinces learning, taste, and poetic fire. His style is good, and each poem moves along vigorously, unflatteringly, in music of differing measures. The two volumes contain sixteen poems, several of them, such as "Pocahontas," "Niagara," "Antæus," "Montezuma," "Magdalen," "Messiah," etc., being long and carefully elaborated studies. Our difficulty with these volumes is to assign them their just place in recent poetry. They have much more than ordinary claims to a position in American poetry; and yet they belong to a kind of poetry that it has always been difficult for us to appreciate. We confess there is much in these volumes that we can not understand—long passages that, for the life of us, we can not unravel and reduce to the comprehension of our prosaic sense. Of course, the difficulty must be in us; the poet conceives beyond our sphere of thought. When he does approach our range of conceptions, and expresses things in a straightforward, common-sense way, we find many thoughts that are charming, many gems of fancy, many beautiful and happy turns of expression. Most of "Pocahontas" is above our level, though here and there we can find most excellent things about woman, love, wife, mother, etc. "Niagara" is really a grand poem, and we can understand it all. "Magdalen" is beautiful, true, tender, and full of charity. On the whole we are satisfied that there is poetry here, and are disposed to allow this poet, and all others, to snatch the lyre as best he can, and pour out his inspirations spontaneously and naturally with as little cramping as possible by the laws of fastidious art.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL INDEX. *By R. G. Pardee, A. M.* 16mo. Pp. 256. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.

The design of this work is to observe, collate, and condense, as far as possible, the best thoughts, experience, and observation of Sabbath school laborers and authors, both in this country and in Great Britain, and to combine these with the extensive observation and experience of the author. It is a *Vade Mecum* for the Sunday school officer and teacher, and contains chapters on the Origin, History, and Progress of Sunday Schools, the most approved Principles and Plans of Teaching, Model Lessons and Examples, the Use of Illustration, Object-Teaching, Blackboard Exercises, Approved Outlines, the Art of Questioning, Securing Attention, Preparation

of the Lesson, Illustrative Teaching, Child-Culture, Management of Infant Schools, Intermediate Classes, and Young Men's Classes; as well as the proper conducting of Conventions, Teachers' Institutes, Normal Classes, Missionary Associations, Juvenile Societies, Youths' Temperance Meetings, Children's Prayer Meetings, Preaching to the Young, Anniversaries, etc., together with a List of Desirable Books and Helps for Superintendents and Teachers, a form of Constitution and By-Laws, Sunday School Statistics, etc.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ELIZABETH, LAST DUCHESS OF GORDON. By Rev. A. Moody Stuart. With a Portrait. 16mo. Pp. 422. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

This is an interesting biography, given mostly in the words of her own diary and letters, of an eminent Christian lady, born in 1794, and, after a life of seventy years of exemplary piety and large usefulness, taken to her reward in the early part of 1864. Her life is an example of pure and devoted piety, of entire consecration, and of benevolent activity in one surrounded by every earthly luxury, and every opportunity and temptation to a worldly life, with every personal accomplishment and qualification for shining in such a life.

THE WEAVER BOY WHO BECAME A MISSIONARY: *Being the Story of the Life and Labors of David Livingstone.* By H. G. Adams. 16mo. Pp. 379. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

As the title indicates this is a sketch of the wonderful adventures and discoveries, perils and sufferings, of David Livingstone, the eminent missionary and explorer of Africa, being compiled almost entirely from the large works of Dr. Livingstone himself, but condensed and somewhat modified in style, so as to bring the most striking features of his career as missionary and explorer into the compass of this small volume, and to adapt it more especially to the young reader. Let every young Christian read this book, and catch from it inspiration and the spirit of sacrifice and devotion for the Christianizing of the dark land of which it treats.

BIBLE HOURS: *Being Leaves from the Note-Book of the Late Mary B. M. Duncan.* 16mo. Pp. 319. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

This is an admirable little book, as full of moral, religious, sensible thoughts as it is of pages. The body of the work consists of reflections by the author on passages and incidents of the Scriptures. For three or four years before her death, which took place at Chrichton Manse, on the 2d of February, 1865, at the early age of thirty, Mrs. Duncan had lived very much the life of an invalid. During these years she was in the habit of spending a great part of the time she could spare from her necessary home duties in the prayerful study of the Word of God. In such study she seldom used other books, but compared one part of Scripture with another. In writing these reflections she had no other object than to set down her own fresh thoughts; and because

she had no other object, she has done it simply and lucidly, but also beautifully. We can heartily agree with Mr. Spurgeon's commendatory notice of the English edition: "Her note-book is a treasure indeed, and the leaves here given to the world are precious beyond all price. She read the Bible, and not books about the Bible, and hence her thoughts are fresh and sparkling with the dews of heaven." To the "Bible Hours" are added "Leaves from a Mother's Note-Book," and these pages also are full of practical, sensible, suggestive thoughts. Every Christian woman will find this little book a treasure.

BLIND NELLY'S BOY, AND OTHER STORIES. By T. S. Arthur. 16mo. Pp. 192. Philadelphia: Perkenpine & Higgins.

This little volume contains eight stories written in that charming, truthful, instructive style of T. S. Arthur, which has made his stories favorites with all who love pure, true, natural fiction. They will be read eagerly by the young, but men and women may read these stories and learn many a valuable lesson from them. "Blind Nelly's Boy," "Unfading Flowers," and "The Nobler Life," will especially reward any who will read them.

TOM MILLER; or, After Many Days. By Mrs. M. E. Rockwell. 16mo. Pp. 351. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.

Tom Miller is a good type of the American boy, developed by the stern discipline of labor and want, and led by the lessons and prayers of a pious mother, from an unpromising boyhood into a strong and useful manhood. It will prove a book of encouragement to those to whom it is dedicated, "poor, uneducated, Christian mothers who are striving in lowly homes, by the spirit of gentle heroism, under severe difficulties and afflictions, to recommend to their dear ones the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to faithful teachers who are casting their 'bread upon the waters' trusting the promises of God."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, April, 1868. Rev. D. D. Whedon, D. D., editor. New York: Carlton & Porter.—The Quarterly comes with an excellent table of contents. Gilbert Haven finishes his articles on "The Divine Element in Inspiration." "Limits between Physiology and Psychology" is an interesting article by Dr. Jewell, of Chicago. Dr. Kidder gives excellent thoughts on the "History of the Christian Church." "Physical Cause of the Death of Christ," by Robert Curran, M. D.; "The Africo-American," by Dr. Curry; "Our Past and Present Relations to Slavery," by Rev. L. C. Matlack, and "The Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada," by Rev. T. Webster, complete the list of articles.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, March, 1868. American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott Publishing Company.—"French Criticism—M. Renan," "Popular Philosophy in its Relation to Life," "The Atomic Theory of Lucretius," and "Ireland," are articles which will well repay perusal.

MONTHLY RECORD.

NEW YORK SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—There are 312 Protestant Sunday schools in the city of New York, having 77,450 scholars on roll, and an average attendance of 51,243; of Catholic, Hebrew, and other denominations, there are 53 Sabbath schools, having 38,875 scholars on roll, and an average attendance of 28,902; making a total of 116,325 on roll, and 80,145 average attendance. The State census of 1865 gives 163,493 children between the ages of 5 and 16 in the city, so that nearly three-quarters of this number receive some Sunday school instruction. The Catholic schools are by far the largest. Out of 39 schools they have fourteen with 1,000 pupils and upward, and two of 2,000, one of 3,000, and one of 4,000. The Episcopalians rank next, having two schools of over 700 scholars. The Lutherans have one of the same size, and there are a number belonging to other denominations of 500 and upward. Sunday schools are a peculiarly American institution, and in no country have they succeeded so well as in the United States. In the West they have flourished remarkably. The last report of the American Sunday School Union states that they have organized 8,000 schools in the West and South, 1,731 of which were new ones. These schools were conducted by 10,000 teachers, and attended by 80,000 pupils. As a means of religious instruction they are indispensable, and have accomplished extraordinary results. The largest Sabbath schools are in the West, and, strange to say, in charge of the Quakers. Several have as many as 5,000 pupils. The Lee Avenue school in Brooklyn is of this size, and is the only one that can rival the Western ones.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—Messrs. C. C. North, Oliver Hoyt, and H. J. Baker, of New York, have authorized the purchase of a ten-inch telescope for the Wesleyan University. The order has been given to Mr. Clark, of Cambridge, Mass. This instrument will have all the usual arrangements connected with large telescopes, and will, in all respects, be one of the best of its class. It will be superior to the one in the observatory at Washington, and to all the telescopes in New England, except the one at Harvard College. There are very few, if any, instruments used, as this will be, for college purposes, that are superior to it. A new astronomical observatory has been commenced on the University premises, and will be completed the coming Summer. The erection of the memorial chapel will be commenced early in the Spring.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION.—So far as it can be done in anticipation of the meeting of the General Assemblies, the work of reunion between the Old and the New School bodies has been accomplished. Enthusiastic meetings have been held in Dayton, O., and

Centralia, Ill., to consider the subject; and the general drift has been in favor of reunion, especially among the laity and the younger clergy. The joint committee of the two Assemblies have met in Philadelphia, and concluded their labors on Saturday, March 14th. There were many difficult questions to be solved, of which the most important were the Doctrinal Basis, the Publication Agencies, the Mixed Churches, and Theological Seminaries. Often it seemed as if one or the other of these questions could not be satisfactorily settled; but in the end every difficulty vanished, and a basis of reunion was unanimously adopted. It was to be reported to the General Assemblies in May; and, if accepted by them, be sent down to the Presbyteries for their final ratification.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—A call for a National Temperance Convention, to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, July 29, 1868, has been issued over the signature of prominent men in different Churches and Temperance Societies. Methodists, as Bishop Janes and Dr. Harris, and Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Baptists, unite in the invitation. Each Christian Church and Temperance Society is invited to send seven delegates to the Convention. This is an excellent move in the temperance cause.

TURKEY.—The missions of the American Board in Turkey were first established somewhat more than forty years ago in Constantinople. This is now the center of a missionary field extending westward in European Turkey about 300 miles, and eastward in Western Asia about 400 miles. Nine years afterward another mission center was established at Trebizond on the Black Sea, which now comprises several stations among the mountains of Taurus, and anti-Taurus, and along the head-waters of the Tigris and Euphrates. Twelve years later another mission was established around the north-east corner of the Mediterranean Sea. This included the ancient Antioch, the head-quarters of the great apostle to the Gentiles. This last mission is called the Central Turkish; the other two, respectively the Eastern and Western.

Among the Armenians of Western Turkey the interest manifested in the Gospel has surpassed any thing ever before witnessed. There are more than eighty native Armenian helpers, nine of them ordained ministers. The past year there has been an advance of full fifty per cent. in almost every form of efficient instrumentality. In Central Turkey, also, the Gospel has secured such a strong hold at important points, and is spreading from these to such an extent as to awaken the jealousy of the Turks. *This success is owing largely to the labors of native preachers.* In all our operations we must look to the native instrumentality as, under God, our main hope.

THE MONGOLS.—Mr. Gulick, a devoted missionary, has recently visited Mongolia, and gives a very interesting account of the Mongol people. He finds there a great, promising field of missionary labor. The people are wretched and degraded, and are far behind the Chinese in civilization. In the eastern parts of Mongolia many have adopted the agricultural habits of the Chinese, and live in houses like those of their neighbors, with mud walls and paper windows, but the vast territory belonging to them is for the most part occupied by a pastoral people, who live in small felt houses or wigwams. They are a connecting link between the Arabs of Western and the Chinese of Eastern Asia. They make long journeys for the purpose of selling the products of their herds. Peking is one of their favorite resorts. Some of the characteristics of this people are thus given:

"Like the Polynesians, the Mongols are a people of simple habits and of strong social and religious feelings; but they possess more vigor, both of mind and body, and a character more trustworthy and less weakened by excesses. We see many from Kuren, the old capital of Mongolia, the home of Genghis Khan, and we are not surprised that, under such a leader, they conquered Asia and threatened Europe. It was under their protection, and in their service, that Marco Polo, at a later date, came from Venice to Peking, where Kublai Khan had established his court. It is but a few days since a Mongol called upon us bearing the name of Tamerlane, that great conqueror who founded the Mongol dynasty, that held the empire of India during the four centuries preceding its conquest by the English. When the present Manchu dynasty gained the sovereignty of China, the Mongols were their allies, and in consequence are still governed by their own princes."

Should not the Methodist Episcopal Church establish a mission in that country at once? The door is open—the people are waiting for the Gospel. Shall it be sent to them?

ENCOURAGING IN THE NESTORIAN FIELD.—The Nestorian Christians are beginning evangelical labors with something of the zeal of former times. A colporteur has just returned to Oroomiah after two years' absence, distributing religious works and holding interesting meetings among the Armenians scattered through the southern portion of the Russian empire. Two colporteurs will soon visit the large cities in the south of Persia with boxes of Bibles for distribution at Tabreez, which is the commercial mart of Persia. A Nestorian deacon is employed to sell the Scriptures in various languages. He is protected there, and warmly supported by the British Consul, K. E. Abbott, whose kind efforts to aid our mission have been unremitting during the last twenty-five years. It is believed that ere long the native Christians from the Nestorian field will meet their brethren from India in the great work of evangelizing Central Asia.

JAPAN.—The Imperial edict against Christianity in Japan is substantially a dead letter. Sixty persons, imprisoned a few days for attending Catholic wor-

ship, have been dismissed to their homes unharmed. Death would have been the penalty for such an act a few years since. The first Christian tract in the Japanese language, published a short time since, is entitled "Easy Introduction to Christian Doctrine." It is now being circulated in all parts of the country, and will be read by thousands. Rev. J. Goble is engaged in teaching a school, editing a native paper, and translating the language. He is engaged by a prince of the land to lay the foundation of an English college. He is also obtaining a font of Japanese type, and will soon be able to print Bibles and other books in the Japanese language. The English, Dutch, and Chinese versions of the Bible are introduced into his school. This speaks well for Japan. The light is breaking upon that benighted land.

YALE COLLEGE.—The Theological Department of Yale College has received, from Hon. William E. Dodge, a donation of ten thousand dollars for its building fund. He has also given permission to quarry all the stone necessary for the building at his quarry in Ansonia. The stone is granite, and has been used in the new church edifice of the West Congregational Society. One or two more such donations, and the walls of the long-desired theological college will begin to rise. It is to be erected on the north-west corner of College and Elm-street, fronting on College-street.

ENGLISH CHURCH-RATES.—In the 12,572 parishes of England and Wales, the whole sum collected by Church-rates was only £228,984 for the year ending Easter, 1866. Scarcely half of these Churches pay any Church-rates, although a cabinet minister, Mr. Walpole, made bold to declare only last session that the rates were paid in *ninety* per cent. of the parishes. The truth has at last come out; and these facts will, we doubt not, be of great service to Church-rate abolitionists in the ensuing session.

PERVERSIONS TO ROME.—Five Episcopal clergymen within the Diocese of London have lately gone over to Rome, as also an entire sisterhood. The announcement that Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, is preparing to follow the other members of his family into the same communion is certainly premature and perhaps false. He can help them more where he is.

LOSS OF LIFE IN MODERN WARFARE.—A German statistician has computed that 2,762,000 lives have been lost in the various wars which afflicted Europe from 1815 to 1864. In the Crimean war there died 256,000 Russians, 107,000 Frenchmen, 45,000 Englishmen, and 1,600 Italians. The Polish insurrection cost 190,000 lives, and the independence of Greece, 148,000. Algiers has occasioned to France the loss of 146,000 men. In the Italian war, 59,664 Austrians perished, 30,220 Frenchmen, 23,610 Italians, 14,000 Neapolitans, and 2,370 Papal troops.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN HUNGARY.—There is now perfect religious liberty throughout Hungary, and the colporteur may traverse its length and breadth with his Bibles and tracts.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DEATH OF DR. JOHNSON.—Herman M. Johnson, D. D., LL. D., President of Dickinson College, was born in the State of New York, November 25, 1815, and died in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, Sunday, April 5, 1868. He was graduated at the Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1839. Immediately after his graduation he was employed as Professor of Ancient Languages in St. Charles College, Missouri, and successively in the same position in Augusta College, Kentucky, and in the Ohio Wesleyan University. In the year 1850 he was called to the Professorship of Philosophy and English Literature in Dickinson College, and subsequently, on the resignation of Dr. Collins, was elected its President. He entered the North Ohio Conference in 1845, and was ordained elder in 1850. The next year he was transferred to the Philadelphia Conference, of which he remained a member till his death.

Dr. Johnson was eminently successful as a teacher. His scholarship was ripe and good; his manner sweet and retiring; his acquaintance with literature extensive, and as a preacher he was full of instruction and tenderness. His Christian character was rich, abounding in all the fruits of the Spirit, and thoroughly subjected to the obedience of the Gospel. He was probably the most successful President Dickinson has ever had; in amidst the years of poverty and financial failure, his plans and influence steadily brought the College up, till at last he secured for it a solid foundation. His habits were studious. In the classical languages he had none or few superiors, and in Oriental literature he had made himself proficient. Not seldom have his friends found him in his library, his table strewn with books and papers, Freytag's great Lexicon of the Arabic language open before him, perhaps a Syriac grammar on one side and a Hebrew Bible on the other, and himself absorbed in the study of some philological problem. The modern tongues also shared his attention, and French was child's play to him. In 1854 he issued an edition of the *Orientalia* of Herodotus, which, as a text-book, is deserving of all praise. He wrote occasionally for the Quarterly and other publications, and at the time of his death was preparing for the press a German work on synonyms.

His mind was thoroughly logical, his ideas close and consecutive, and his instructions clear as sunbeams. No pupil needed to ask twice for an explanation of the same thing. Without many words his speech was full of thought. His written style was good, though not fine; what it lacked in richness of expression, it made up in exactness. Dr. Johnson was modest to excess, but his personal influence was none the less effective. He impressed his pupils with reverence, and none who deserved the name of student ever left his lecture-room without profit.

THE NEW VOLUME.—Our readers and agents will remember that the Repository is now issued in two volumes for each year, and the present number concludes the first volume for 1868. One object had in view by the Publishers in this arrangement was to give to subscribers an opportunity of subscribing for the magazine in the middle of the year. Hitherto we have only been receiving subscriptions for the entire year; under the present arrangement subscriptions can be taken for a single volume, or half year. Of course it is most desirable for us and, we think, most to the advantage of our readers, that they should make their subscriptions for the year, as it saves labor in the counting-room, and also secures a greater completeness in the literary matter furnished to the reader, since it is scarcely possible to prevent articles and subjects from passing over from the first to the second volume. Will our agents and friends please take notice, then, that a new volume commences with our next number, and call the attention of their congregations and neighbors to the fact that subscriptions can now be received either for the remaining volume of the year, or for the entire year, beginning with last January. We have all the back numbers, and can furnish the first volume complete to those who desire to subscribe for the whole year. Nearly all our subscribers at the beginning of the year subscribed for the entire year; a few, however, subscribed only for the first volume. These will observe that their subscription closes with the present number, and must be renewed for the second volume. The subscription price remains the same—\$1.75 per volume, or \$3.50 for the year.

THE FUTURE.—Our changes and improvements in the Repository have met with universal favor, and we were greeted with a very handsome increase in our subscription list, while our exchanges have really been lavish in their praises of the beauty and high literary character of the magazine. Our experiment has thoroughly convinced us that we have an ample and appreciative audience in our Church for a first-class magazine, and that the duty and true policy of the Church is to furnish to our families a magazine of the first order, and that our strength and resources should be devoted to the maintenance of one and only one, unless it should be, first, a magazine for children, for which we believe we have also an ample field in the Church, and secondly, a purely religious and theological magazine, for which there is also a place in our Church. Let us make the Repository the one literary magazine of the Church; let us make it in size, literary character, and mechanical execution all that we need for our families, for the men and the women—the "home magazine" of the Church. At our present price, with a subscription list of 50,000,

we could add to each number still another form of sixteen pages, making two beautiful volumes per year, and giving space enough for the treatment of every desirable subject in the range of periodical literature. If it is then thought well to provide another magazine of a more purely religious and theological character, we believe we have an ample field for it in our own Church. The idea that any denomination can furnish a "national literature" has proved a failure in the past, and we believe is destined to prove a failure as often as the experiment shall be tried. We can make one of the best magazines in the country, and support it, too, if the Church will turn her attention and resources to it. We can also furnish to the Church a theological monthly devoted to the living questions of religion and theology, and we believe that there is both a field and a sufficient demand for such a magazine to make it at least self-supporting. Between the literary character of the Repository and the scholastic character of the Quarterly there is room for a popular theological monthly, for the discussion of a multitude of moral, ecclesiastical, and theological questions now interesting to thousands, and which can not be well treated in either our weeklies, our present monthly, or our Quarterly Review. We would welcome such a magazine, and believe it would be a successful pecuniarily, and know that it would be a vast agency for good. But these are subjects for the wisdom of the authorities of the Church, and with them we leave the result.

ANOTHER "SINGING PILGRIM."—During the recent session of the Kentucky Conference a large children's meeting was held in Grace Church on Sabbath afternoon. The venerable Bishop Morris, whose race is now so nearly run that he indeed "brushes the dews on Jordan's banks," was present, greatly enjoying the singing of the children. Rev. C. C. McCabe suddenly announced to the children that he would now introduce an old pilgrim, who had been preaching the Gospel for more than fifty years, and he would sing for them. The great audience was hushed to the silence of death, and but few eyes of either adults or children were dry while the man of God, in feeble and trembling notes, sang this beautiful hymn—set to the tune of Beulah in the Hallowed Songs:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.
O come, angel band, come and around me stand,
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home!
I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.
I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold they come!
I hear the noise of wings.
O bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory."

On another occasion we heard the Bishop sing, with melting tenderness, the following beautiful lines, so appropriate to the declining years of a long and laborious life. They are from one of the songs of "the olden time," and we asked the Bishop for a copy, and they came to us written in lines as "trembling" as the voice that sang them:

"I am weary of straying, O fain would I rest,
In that far-distant land of the pure and the blest;
Where sin shall no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever have fled.
I am weary of hoping where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew;
I long for the land whose blest promise alone,
Is as changeless and sure as eternity's throne.
I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er Joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;
O'er pangs of the loved, which we can not assuage;
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.
I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweetest and dearest, alas, may not stay!
I long for that land where those partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.
I am weary, my Savior, of grieving thy love;
O when shall I rest in thy presence above!
I am weary—but O let me never repine,
While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine."

A CALL TO THE MINISTRY.—Mrs. Stowe, in her *Chimney Corner Papers*, relates the story of a young Methodist who felt that he had a call to preach, and who was crushed by the question of an elder, who asked him, "Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?" This reminds us of a point we once heard an elder make on a similar occasion. He was examining an applicant for local preacher's license, who had already reached decided maturity of age, but little maturity of experience or understanding. The applicant gave but little evidence of any fitness for the work, but when asked whether he believed he was called of God to the ministry, very positively answered in the affirmative. "Perhaps so, brother," said the elder, "but did he urge you much?"

ENGRAVINGS.—We are able again to present two gems to our readers for this month. "The Deer Lope," painted by W. H. Beard, N. A., is one of his most beautiful subjects, held in his own possession, and we are very grateful to the distinguished artist for allowing Mr. Hinshelwood the use of the original. "The Writing Lesson," a beautiful home-piece, by Mr. Wellstood, tells its own story.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—Raymond Lully; Beneficence; The Æolian Harp; Earthly Hopes; No Other God but Me; Florinda's Pleasure; Discipline; Little Pauper; Tuck-oo-wa-ter-oo; Disobedience; Life of Trust; Easter Flowers.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—At Last; Nature and Nature's God; The Comrade's Gift; Economy; I Hear a Singing in my Heart; Immortality; Nature's Wonders; Hope to the End; Jesus in the Garden; Come to the Waters of Life; Songs in the Night; Only a Flirtation; Mental Suffering; Seed by the Wayside; Homeward Bound; Gone.

